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CASTARA.

— *Carmina non prius*
Audita, Musarum sacerdos
Virginibus. —

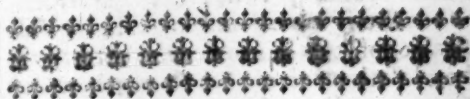
The second Edition.
Corrected and Augmented

LONDON.

Printed by B. A. & T. F. for Will: Cooke,
and are to bee sold at his shop
neare *Furnivals-Inne Gate*
in *Holburne*, 1635.



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The Author.



He Presse hath gathered
into one, what fancie
had scittered in many
loose papers. To write
this, love stole some
houres from businesse,
and my more serious
study. For though Poe-
try may challenge, if not priority, yet e-
quality with the best Sciences, both for
antiquity and worth. I never set so high
a rate upon her, as to give my selfe entire-
ly up to her devotion. She hath in her too
much aire, & (if without offence to our next
transmarine neighbour,) she wantons too

A 2

much





much according to the French garbe. And when she is wholly imployed in the soft straines of love, his soule who entertaines her, loseth much of that strength which should confirme him man. The nerves of judgement are weakened most by her dalliance, and when woman, (I meane onely as she is externally faire) is the supreme object of wit, we soone degenerate into effeminacy. For the religion of fancy declines into a mad superstition, when she adores that Idoll which is not secure from age and sicknesse. Of such heathens, our times afford us a pittied multitude, who can give no nobler testimony of twentie yeares imployment, then some loose copies of lust happily, exprest. Yet these the common people of wit blow up with their breath of praise, and honour with the sacred name of Poets: To which as I beleeve they can never have any just claime, so shall I not dare by this essay to lay any

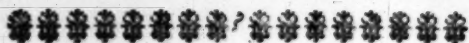
title





title, since more sweat and oyle he must
spend, who shall arrogate so excellent an
attribute. Yet if the innocency of a chaste
Muse shall be more acceptable, and weigh
heavier in the ballance of esteeme, then
fame, begot in adultery of study, I doubt
I shall leave them no hope of competition.
For how unhappy soever I may be in
the elocution, I am sure the Theame is
worthy enough. In all those flames in
which I burnt, I never felt a wanton heat
nor was my invention ever sinister from
the strait way of chastity. And when love
builds upon that rocke, he may safely con-
temne the battery of the waves, and
threatnings of the wind. Since time, that
makes a mockery of the firmest structures
shall it selfe be ruinated, before that be de-
molisht. Thus was the foundation layd.
And though my eye in its survey, was sa-
tisfied, even to curiosity, yet did not my
search rest there. The Alabaster, Ivory,



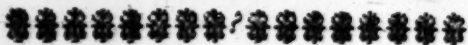


Porphir, jet, that lent an admirable beauty to the outward building, entertained me with but a halfe pleasure, since they stood there only to make sport for ruine. But when my soule grew acquainted with the owner of that mansion; I found that Oratory was dombe when it began to speak her, and wonder (which must necessarily seize the best at that time) a lethargie, that dulled too much the faculties of the minde, onely fit to busie themselves in discoursing her perfections, Wisdome, I encounter'd there, that could not spend it selfe since it affected silence, attentive onely to instructions, as if all her senses had beene contracted into hearing: Innocency, so not vitiated by conversation with the world, that the subtile witted of her sex, would have tearm'd it ignorance: Wit, which seated it selfe most in the apprehension, and if no inforc't by good manners, would scarce have gain'd

the



name of affability. Modesty, so timorous,
that it represented a besieg'd City, stand-
ing watchfully upon her guard; strongest
in the loyalty to her Prince. In a word, all
those vertues which should restore wo-
man to her primitive state of beauty, fully
adorn'd her. But I shall be censur'd, in la-
bouring to come nigh the truth, guilty of
an indiscreet Rhetoricke. However such
I fancied her, for to say she is, or was such,
were to play the Merchant, and boast too
much the value of a lewell I possesse, but
have no mind to part with. And though
I appeare to strive against the streame of
best wits, in erecting the selfe same Altar,
both to chastity & love; I will for once ad-
venture to doe well, without a president.
Nor if my rigid friend question superci-
liously the setting forth of these Poems,
will I excuse my selfe (though justly per-
haps I might) that importunity prevail'd,
and cleere judgements advis'd: This one-



ly I dare say, that if they are not strang-
led with envie of the present, they may
happily live in the not dislike of future
times. For then partiality ceaseth, and
vertue is without the idolatry of her cli-
ents, esteemed worthy honour. Nothing
new is free from detraction, and when
Princes alter customes even heavy to the
subject, best ordinances are interpreted
innovations. Had I slept in the silence of
my acquaintance, and affected no study
beyond that which the chase or field al-
lowes, Poetrie had then beene no scan-
dall upon me, and the love of learning no
suspicion of ill husbandry. But what ma-
lice, begot in the Countrey upon igno-
rance, or in the City upon Criticisme, shall
prepare against mee, I am armed to en-
dure. For as the face of vertue looks
without the adultery of art, so fame needs
no ayde from rumour to strengthen her
selfe. If these lines want that courtship,

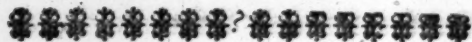




(I will not say flattery) which insinuates
it selfe into the favour of great men, best;
they partake of my modesty: If Satyre to
winne applause with the envious multi-
tude; they expresse my content. which
maliceth none, the fruition of that, they
esteeme happy. And if not too indulgent
to what is my owne; I thinke even these
verses will have that proportion in the
worlds opinion, that heaven hath allot-
ted me in fortune; not so high, as to be
wondred at, nor so low as to be contem-
ned.

To



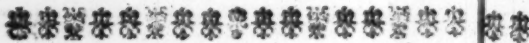


To his best friend and kinsman, William
Habington, Esquire,

On his CASTARA.

Not in the silence of content, and store
Of private sweets, ought my Muse charme no more
Then by Castara's eare: 'Twere wrong such gold
Should not like Mines, (poore nam'd to this) behold
It selfe a publike joy. Who her restrain,
Make a close prisoner of a soveraigne
Inlarge her then to triumph: While wee see
Such worth in beauty, such desert in thee,
Such mutuall flames betwene you both, as show
How chastity, though ye are, we can glow,
Yet st and a Virgin: How it in content
By vertue is to soules untill we eat,
Which proves all we: this poore, all honours are
But empty titles, highest power but care,
That quits not cost. Yet Heire to vertue kind,
Hath given you plent, to suffice a minde
That knowes but temper. For beyond your state
May be a prouder, not a happier Fate.
I Writ not this in hope it inuach on fame,
Or adde a greater lustre to your name.

Bright



am
Bright in it selfe enough. We two are knowne
To th' World, as to our selves, to be but one
In bloud as study. And my carefull love
Did never action worth my name, approve,
Which serv'd not thee. Nor did we ere contend,
But who should be best patterne of a friend.
Who read thee, praise thy fancy, and admire
Thee burning with so high and pure a fire,
As reaches heaven it selfe. But I who know
Thy soule religious to her ends, where grow
No fiances by art or custome, boldly can
Stile thee more than good Poët, a good man.
Then let thy temples shake off vulgar bayes,
Th' hast built an altar which enshrines thy praise.
And to the faith of after time commends
Thee the best paire of lovers, as of friends.

GEORGE TALBOT.

right
A Mi-

A Mistress.

If the fairest treasure, the ava-
rice of Love can covet; and the lov-
only white, at which he shoots not
his arrowes; nor while his time
time is noble, can he ever hit upon repen-
tance. She is chaste, for the devill enters not
the Idoll and gives the oracle, when wan-
tonnesse possesseth beauty, and wit main-
taines it lawfull. She is as faire as Nature
intended her, helpt perhaps, to a more plea-
sing grace by the sweetnesse of education;
not by the slight of art. She is young, for
the woman past the delicacy of her spring,
may the well move by vertue to respect, never be like

beauty to affection. Shee is innocent even
from the knowledge of sinne, for vice is to
strong to be wrestled with, and gives her
frailty the foyle. She is not proude, though
the amorous youth interpret her modestie to
that sence; but in her vertue weares so
much Majestie, lust dares not rebell, nor
though masqued, under the pretence of
and the love, capitulate with her. Shee entertaynes
boots not every parley offer'd, although the ar-
le his tickles pretended to her advantage: advice
repent and her owne feares restraine her; and wo-
enters man never owed ruine to too much caution.
man. She glories not in the plurality of servants,
maine a multitude of adorers heaven can onely
nature challenge; and it is impietie in her weake-
plea-nesse to desire superstition from many. She
ration is deafe to the whispers of love, and even on
for the marriage boure can breake off, without
g, may the least suspicion of scandall, to the former
ver liberty of her carriage. She avoydes a too

beautie neere

neere conversation with man, and like the
Parthian overcomes by flight. Her lan-
guage .s not copious but apposit; and she had
rather suffer the reproach of being dull com-
pany, then have the title of Witty, with that
of Bolde and Wanton. In her carriage shee
is sober, and thinks her youth expressly
life enough, without the giddy motion, fash-
ion of late hath taken up. Shee danceth to
the best applause but doates not on the vani-
ty of it, nor licenceth an irregular meeting
to vaunt the levity of her skill. Shee sings,
but not perpetually, for she knowes, silence
in woman is the most perswading oratory.
Shee never arriv'd to so much familiarity
with man as to know the diminutive of his
name, and call him by it; and she can shew a
competent favour, without yeelding her
hand to his gripe or kisse. She never under-
stood the language of a kisse, but at saluta-
tion, nor dares the Courtier use so much of his

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practised impudence as to offer the rape of
it from her: because chastity hath writ it
unlawfull, and her behaviour proclaimes it
unwelcome. She is never sad, and y t not
giggish; her conscience is cleere from guilt,
and that secures her from sorrow. She is
not passionately in love with poetry, because
it softens the heart too much to love: but
she likes the harmony in the composition, and
the brave examples of vertue celebra-
ted by it, she proposeth to her imitation. She
is not vaine in the history of her gay kindred
or acquaintance; since vertue is often tenant
to a cottage, and familiarity with greatnesse
(if worth be not transcendant above the ti-
tle) is but a glorious servitude, fooles onely
are willing to suffer. She is not ambitious to
be prais'd, & yet values death beneath infam-
y. And I'll conclude, (though the next synod
of Ladies condemne this character as an he-

Etised

resic

resie broacht by a Precisian) that one-
lie shee who hath as great a share in
vertue as in beauty, deserves a noble
love to serve her, and a
free poesie to speake
her.

As
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(1)



To CASTARA,

A Sacrifice.

L Et the chaste Phoenix from the flow'rs
East,
Bring the sweet treasure of her perfum'd
Nest,

As incense to this Altar, where the name
Of my CASTARA's grav'd by th' hand of fame;
Let purer Virgins to redeeme the ayre
From loose infection, bring their zealous prayer
I'll assist at this great feast . where they shall see
What rites Love offers up to Chastity.
Let all the amorous Youth, whose faire desire
Felt never warmth, but from a noble fire,

B

Bring

Bring hither their bright flames ; which here shall
 As Tapers sit about *Castara's* shrine, (shine
 While I the Priest, my untam'd heart, surprise,
 And in this Temple make her sacrifice,

TO CASTARA,
 Praying.

I Saw *Castara* pray, and from the skie,
 A winged legion of bright Angels flie
 To catch her vowes, for scarce her Virgin prayer
 Might chance to mingle with impurer aire,
 To vulgar eyes, the sacred truth I write,
 May seeme a fancie. But the Eagles sight
 Of Saints, and Poets, miracles oft view,
 Which to dull Heretikes appeare untrue.
 Faire zeale begets such wonders. O divine
 And purest beauty ; let me thee enshrine
 In my devoted soule, and from thy praise,
 T'enrich my garland, pluck religious Bayes. (move,
 Shine thou the starre by which my thoughts shall
 Best subje& of my pen, Queene of my love.

To Roses in the bosome of
 CASTARA.

YE E blushing Virgins happie are
 In the chaste Nunn'ry of her brests
 Far hee'd prophane so chaste a faire,
 Who ere should call them *Cupids* nests.

Transplanted thus how bright yee grow;
 How rich a perfume doe yee yeeld?
 In some close garden, Cowslips so
 Are sweeter then in open field.

In those white cloysters live secure
 From the rude blasts of wanton breath;
 Each houre more innocent and pure,
 Till you shall wither into death.

Then that which living gave you roome;
 Your glorious sepulcher shall be,
 There wants no marble for a tombe,
 Whose brest hath marble beene to me.



(4)

*TO CASTARA,
A Vow.*

BY those chaste lamps which yeeld a silent light,
To the cold Vrnes of Virgins ; By that night,
Which guilty of no crime, doth onely heare
The Vowes of recluse Nuns, and th' An'chrits pray.
And by thy chaster selfe ; My fervent zeale (ei ;
Like mountaine yee, which the North winds con-
To purest Chrystall, feeles no wanton fire. (geale,
But as the humble Pilgrim, whose desire
Blest in Christs cottage view, by Angels hands,
Transported from sad Bethlem, wondring stands
At the great miracle : So I at thee,
Whose beauty is the shrine of chastity.
Thus my bight Muse in a new orbe shall move,
And even teach Religion how to love.



*TO CASTARA,
Of his being in Love.*

WHere am I? not in Heaven : for oh I feele
The Stone of *Sisiphus*, *Ixions* wheele ;

And



And all those tortures, Poets (by their wine
 Made judges) laid on *Tantalus*, are mine.
 Nor yet am I in Hell; for still I stand,
 Though giddy in my passion, on firme land,
 And still behold the seasons of the year,
 Springs in my hope, and Winters in my fears.
 And sure I'm 'bove the earth: For th' highest Star
 Shooes beames, but dim, to what *Castara's* are,
 And in her sight and favour I even shine
 In a bright orbe beyond the Christalline:
 It then *Castara* I in Heaven nor move,
 Nor Earth, nor Hell, where am I but in Love.

To my honoured Friend.

Mr. E. P.

NOt still ich' shine of Kings. Thou dost retire
 Sometime to th' Holly shade, where the chaste
 Of Muses doth the stubborne Panther awe, (quire
 And give the wildenesse of his nature law.
 The wind his chariot stops: Th' attentive rocke
 The rigor doth of his creation mocke,

And gently melts away : *Argus* to heare
 The musicke, turnes each eye into an eare.
 To welcome thee, *Endymion*, glorious thy
 Triumph to force these creatures disobey
 What nature hath enacted. But no charme
 The Virgins have these monsters can disarm
 Of their innatred rage : No spell can tame
 The North-winds fury, but *Castara's* name.
 Climbe yonder forked hill, and see if there
 Ith' barke of every *Daphne*, not appeare
Castara written ; And so markt by me,
 How great a Prophet growes each Virgin tree ?
 Lie downe, and listen what the sacred spring
 In her harmonious murmures, strives to sing
 To th' neighb'ring banke, ere her loose waters erre
 Through common channels ; sings she not of her ?
 Behold yond' violet, which such honour gaires,
 That growing but to emulate her veines,
 It's azur'd like the skie : When she doth bow
 T' invoke *Castara*, heaven perfumes her vow.
 The trees the waters and the flowers adore
 The Deity of her sex, and through each pore
 Breath forth her glories. But unquiet love
 To make affection so ill-nurtur'd prove,
 As if all eares should heare her praise alone.
 Now listen thou ; *Endymion* sings his owne ;

TO CASTARA.

Do not theyr prophane Orgies heare,
 Who but to wealth no altars reare,
 The soule's oft poys'ned through the eare.

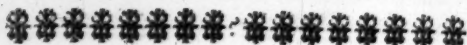
Castara rather seeke to dwell
 In silence of a private cell.
 Rich discontent's a glorious heil.

Yet *Hindlip* doth not want extent
 Of roome (though not magnificent)
 To give free welcome to content.

There shalt thou see the early Spring,
 That wealthy stocke of nature bring,
 Of which the Sybils bookes did sing.

From fruitlesse Palmes shall honey flow,
 And barren Winter Harvest show,
 While Lillies in his bosome grow,

No North-wind shall the corne infest,
 But the soft spirit of the East,
 Our sent with perfum'd banquets feast.



(8)

A Saryre here and there shall trip,
In hope to purchase leave to sip
Sweet Nectar from a Fairies lip.

The Nimphs with quivers shall adorne
Theyr active sides, and rowse the morne
With the shrill musicke of theyr horne.

Wakened with which, and viewing thee,
Fairst *Daphne* her faire selfe shall free,
From the chaste prison of a tree :

And with *Narcissus* (to thy face
Who humbly will ascribe all grace)
Shall once againe pursue the chase.

So they, whose wisdom did discusse
Of these as fictions, shall in us
Finde, they were more then fabulous.



TO CASTARA,
Softly singing to her selfe.

Sing forth sweet Cherubin (for we have choice
Of reasons in thy beauty and thy voyce,

To



To name thee so, and scarce appeare prophane)
 Sing forth, that while the orbs celestiaall straine
 To echo thy sweet note, our humane eares
 May then receive the Musicke of the Spheares.
 But yet take heed, lest if the Swans of Thames,
 That adde harmonious pleasure to the streames,
 Oth' sudden heare thy well-divided breath,
 Should listen, and in silence welcome death:
 And ravish Nightingales, striving too high
 To reach thee, in the emulation dye.
 And thus there will be left no bird to sing
 Farewell to th' Waters, welcome to the Spring.

To a Wanton.

IN vaine faire forcereffe, thy eyes speake charmes,
 In vaine thou mak'st loose circles with thy armes.
 I'me'bove thy spels. No magicke him can move
 In whom *Castara* hath inspir'd her love.
 As she, keepe thou strict sent'nell o're thy eare,
 Lest it the whispers of soft courtiers heare;
 Reade not his raptures, whose invention must
 Write journey worke, both for his Patrons lust,



And his owne plush : let no admirer feast
His eye or th' naked banquet of thy brest.
If this faire president, nor yet my want
Of love, to answer thine, make thee recant
Thy fore'nes ; Pity shall to justice turne,
And judge thee, witch, in thy owne flames to burne



*To the Honourable my much honoured
friend, R.B. Esquire.*

WHile you dare trust the loudest tongue of
fame,

The zeale you beare your Mistresse to pro-
claime

To th' talking world : I in the silent grove,
Scarce to my selfe dare whisper that I love.
Thee, titles, *Brud'nes*, riches thee adorne,
And vigorous youth to vice not headlong borne
By th' tide of custome : Which I value more
Then what blind superstitious feesles adore,
Who greatnesse in the chaire of blisse enthrone,
Greatnesse we borrow, Vertue is our owne.



In thy attempt be prosperous, and when ere
 Thou shalt prefix the houre may *Hymen* weare
 His brightest robe ; where some fam'd *Persian* shall
 Worke by the wonder of her needle all
 The nuptiall joyes ; which (if we Poets be
 True Prophets) bounteous heaven designs for
 I envie not, but glory in thy fate, (thee;
 While in the narrow limits of my state
 I bound my hopes. Which if *Castara* daigne
 Once to entitle hers ; the wealthiest graine
 My earth, untild shall beare ; my trees shall grone
 Vnder their fruitfull burthen, and at one
 And the same season, Nature forth shall bring
 Riches of Autumne, pleasures of the Spring.
 But digge, and thou shalt finde a puer Mine (Vine;
 Then th' Indians boast : Taste of this generous
 And her bloud sweeter will than Nectar prove,
 Such miracles wait on a noble love,
 But should the scorne my sute, I'le tread that path
 Which none but some sad Fairy beaten hath.
 There force wrong'd *Philomel*, hearing my mone,
 To sigh my greater griefes, forget her owne.

To CASTARA,
Inquiring why I loved her.

WH y doth the stubborne iron prove
 So gentle to th' magnétique stone?
 How know you that the orbs doe move;
 With musicke too? since heard of none?
 And I will answer why I love.

'Tis not thy vertues, each a starre,
 Which in thy soules bright spheare doe shine,
 Shooting their beauties from a farre,
 To make each gazers heart like shine;
 Our vertues often Meteors are.

'Tis not thy face. I cannot spie,
 When poets weepe some Virgins death,
 That *Cupid* wantons in her eye,
 Or perfumes vapour from her breath;
 And there must once thy beauty lie.

Nor is't thy birth. For I was ne're
 So vaine as in that to delight;
 Which ballance it, no weight doth beare,
 Nor yet is object to the sight,
 But onely fills the vulgar care.

Nor

Nor yet thy fortunes : Since I know
They in the yr motion like the Sea :
Ebbe from the good to the impious flow :
And so in flattery betray,
That, raising they but overthrow,

And yet these attributes might prove
Fuell enough to enflame desire :
But there was something from above,
Shot without reasons guide, this fire,
I know, yet know not, why I love.

TO CASTARA,
Looking upon him.

TRansfix me with that flaming dart
Ith' eye, or brest, or any part,
So thou, *Castara*, spare my heart.

The cold Cymerian by that bright
Warne wound, in th' darknesse of his night,
Might both recover heat, and light.

The

The rugged Scythian gently move,
 Ich'whispering shadow of some grove,
 That's consecrate to sportive love.

December see the Primrose grow,
 The Rivers in soft murmurs flow,
 And from his head shake off his snow.

And crooked age might feele againe
 Those hears, of which youth did complaine,
 While fresh bloud swells each withered veyne.

For the bright lustre of thy eyes,
 Which but to warme them would suffice,
 Would burne me to a sacrifice.

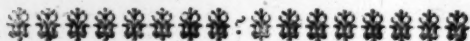
*To the right honourable my very good
 Lady, Anne Countesse of Ar.*

Wing'd with delight (yet such as still doth beare
 Chast vertues stamp) those Children of y^e yeare,
 The dayes, hast nimbly; and while as they flye,
 Each of them with theyr predecessors vie,

Which

Which yeelds most pleasure ; you to them dispence,
 What Time lost with his cradle, innocence.
 So I (if fancie not delude my sight,) /
 See often the pale monarch of the night,
Diana, among her nimphs. For every quire
 Of vulgar starres, who lend theyr weaker fire
 To conquer the nights chilnesse, with their *Queene*,
 In harmlesse revels tread the happie Greene;
 But I, who am profanib'd by tyrant love,
 Seeke out a silent exile in some grove,
 Where nought except a solitary Spring,
 Was ever heard, to which the Nimphs did sing
Narcissus obsequies : For onely there
 Is musique apt to catch an am'rous eare.
Castara ! oh my heart ! How great a flame
 Did even shoot into me with her name,
Castara hath betray'd me to a zeale
 Which thus distracts my hopes. Flints may conceale
 In theyr cold veynes a fire. But I whose heart
 By Love's dissolv'd, ne're practis'd that cold art.
 But truce thou warring passion, for I'le now
 Madam to you addresse this solemne vow.
 By Vertue and your selfe (best friends) I finde
 In the interiour province of your minde
 Such government : That if great men obey
 Th' example of your order, they will sway

Which



Without reproofe for onely you unite
Honour with sweetnesse, veritie with delight.



*Vpon CASTARA'S
frowne or smile.*

LEarn'd shade of *Tycho Brache*, who to us,
The stars propheticke language didst impart,
And even in life their mysteries discusse:
Castara hath o'rethrowne thy strongest art.

When custome struggles from her beaten path,
Then accidents must needs uncertaine be,
For if *Castara* smile; though winter hath
Lock't up the rivers; Summer's warme in me.

And *Flora* by the miracle reviv'd,
Doth even at her owne beauty wondring stand;
But should she frowne, the Northerne wind arriv'd
In midst of Summer leads his frozen band;
Which doth to yce my youthfull bloud congeale,
Yet in the midst of yce, still flames my zeale.



*In CASTARA,
All fortunes.*

YE glorious wits, who finde then Parian stone
A nobler quarry to build trophies on,
Purchast' gainst conquer'd times Go court loud
He wins it, who but sings *Castara's* name. (same ;
Aspiring soules, who grow but in a Spring,
Forc't by the warmth of some indulgent King ;
Know if *Castara* smile ; I dwell in it,
And vie for glory with the Favourit
Ye sonnes of avarice, who but to share
Uncertaine treasure with a certaine care,
Tempt death in the horrid ocean : I when ere
I but approach her, finde the Indies there.
Heaven brightest Saint, kinde to my vowes made
Of all ambition courts th' Epitome. (thee

Vpon thought CASTARA may dye.

IF she should dye, (as well suspect we may,
A body so compact should ne're decay)

, Her

Her brighter soule would in the Moone inspire
 More chastity, in diuiner starres more fire.
 You twins of *Leda* (as your parents are
 In their wilde lusts) may grow irregular
 Now in your motion : for the marriageer
 Henceforth shall onely steere his course by her.
 And when the zeale of after time, shall spie
 Her uncorrupt ith' happy maible lie ;
 The roses in her cheekes unwithered,
 'Twill turne to love, and dote upon the dead.
 For he who did to her in life dispence
 A heaven, will banish all corruption thence ;

*Time to the moments, on sight
 of CASTARA.*

YOU younger children of your father stay,
 Swift flying moments (which diuide the day
 And with your number measure out the yeare
 In various seasons) stay and wonder here.
 For since my cradle, I so bright a grace
 Ne're saw, as you see in *Castara's* face ;

Whom

Whom nature to revenge some youthfull crime
 Would never frame, till age had weakened Time,
 Else spight of fate, in some faire forme of clay
 My youth I'de bodied, throwne my sythe away,
 And broke my glasse. But since that cannot be,
 I'll punish Nature for her injurie.

On nimble moments in your journey sic,
Castara shall like me grow old, and die.

*To a friend inquiring her name, whom
 he loved.*

Foed Love himselfe hopes to disguise
 From view, if he but covered lies,
 Ith' veile of my transparent eyes,

Though in a smile himselfe he hide,
 Or in a sigh, thou art so tride
 In all his arts, hee'll be discride.

I must confesse (Deare friend) my flame,
 Whose boasts *Castara* so doth tame,
 That not thy faith, shall know her name.

Twere



'Twere prophanation of my zeale,
If but abroad one whisper steale,
They love betray who him reveale.

In a darke cave, which never eye
Could by his subtlest ray descry,
It doth like a rich minerall lye.

Which she with her flame refine,
I'de force it from that obscure Mine,
And then it like pure gold should shine.



A Dialogue betweene

H O P E and F E A R E.

F E A R E. CHecke thy forward thoughts; and know
Hymen onely joynes their hands;
Who with even paces goe,
She in gold, he rich in lands.

H O P E.



H O P E. But *Cassara's* purer fire,
When it mets a noble flame;
Shuns the smoke of such desire,
Joynes with love, and burnes the same.

F E A R E. Yet obedience must prevaile,
They who o're her actions sway:
Would have her in the Ocean stile,
And contemne thy narrow sea.

H O P E. Parents lawes must beare no weight
When they happinesse prevent.
And our sea is not so streight
But it roome hath for content.

F E A R E. Thousand hearts as victims stand,
At the Altar of her eyes,
And will partiall the command,
Onely thine for sacrifice?

H O P E. Thousand victims must returne;
She the purest will designe:
Chooſe *Cassara* which shall burne,
Chooſe the purest, that is, mine.

To C V P I D.
Vpon a dimple in C A S T A R A ' S
cheeke.

NImble boy in thy warme sight,
 What cold tyrant dimm'd thy sight
 Hadst thou eyes to see my faire,
 Thou would'st sigh thy selfe to ayre:
 Fearing to create this one,
 Nature had her selfe undone,
 But if you when this you heare
 Fall downe murdered through your eare,
 Begge if love that you may have
 In her cheeke a dimpled grave.
 Lilly, Rose, and Violet,
 Shall the perfum'd Hearse beset
 While a beauteous sheet of Lawne,
 O're the wanton corpse is drawne,
 And all lovers use this breathy
 «Here lies Cupid biest in death»

Vpon

*Vpon CVPID'S death and buriall in
CASTARA'S cheek*

C*ypids* dead, who would not die?
To be interr'd so neere her eye?
Who would feare the sword, to haue
Such an **A**labaster grave?
O're which two bright tapers burne,
To give light to th' beauteous Vrne:
At the first *Castara* smil'd,
Thinking *Cupid* her beguil'd,
Onely counterfeiting death.
But when she perceiv'd his breath
Quite expir'd, the mournfull Girle,
To entombe the boy in Pearle,
Wept so long, till piteous love,
From the ashes of this Love,
Made ten thousand *Cypids* rise,
But confin'd them to her eyes:
Where they yet, so thew they lacke
No due sorrow, itill weare blacke.
But the blacks so glorious are
Which they mourne in, that the faire
Quires of starres, looke pale and fere,
Using themselves out-shin'd by Ier,

To Fame.

Flye on thy swiftest wing, ambitious Fame,
 And speake to the cold North *Castara's* name.
 Which very breath will like the East wind bring,
 The temp'rate warmth, and musicke of the Spring.
 Then from the Articke, to th' Anrarticke Pole,
 Haste nimble and inspire a gentler soule,
 By naming her, ith' torrid South; that he
 May milde as *Zepherus* coole whispers be.
 Nor let the West where heaven already joynes
 The vastest Empire, and the wealthiest mines:
 Nor th' East in pleasures wanton, her condemne,
 For not distributing her gifts on them.
 For she with want would have her bounty meet.
 Loves noble charity is so discreet.

A Dialogue betweene

ARAPHILL and CASTARA.

ARAPH: **D**ost not thou *Castara* read
 Am'rous volumes in my eyes?

Doth

Doth not every motion plead
 What I'de shew, and yet disguise?
 Sences act each others part.
 Eyes, as tongues, reveale the heart.

CAST. I saw love as lightning breake
 From thy eyes, and was content
 Oft to heare thy silence speake,
 Silent love is eloquent.
 So the sence of learning heares,
 The dumbe musicke of the Spheares.

ARAPH. Then there's mercy in your kinde,
 Lusting to an unfain'd love.
 Or strives he to tame the wind,
 Who would your compassion move?
 No y'are pitious, as y'are faire.
 Heaven relents, o'ecome by prayer.

CAST. But loose man too prodigall
 Is in the expence of vowes;
 And thinks to him kingdomes fall
 When the heart of woman beves.
 Frailty / your armes may yeeld
 Where sits you wins the field.

C

ARAPH.

ARAPH. Triumph not to see mee bleed.
 Let the Bore chas'd from his den,
 On the wounds of mankinde feed.
 Your soft sex should pittie men,
 Malice well may practise art,
 Love hath a transparent heart.

CAST. Yet is love all one deceit,
 A warme frost, a frozen fire.
 She within her selfe is great,
 Who is slave to no desire.
 Let youth act, and age advise,
 And then love may finde his eyes.

ARAPH. Hymens torch yelds a dim light,
 When ambition joyne our hands.
 A proud day, but mournfull night,
 She sustaines, who marnes lands.
 Wealth slaves man, but for their Ore,
 Th' Indians had becme free, though poore.

CAST. And yet wealth the faell is
 Which maintaines the nuptiall fire,
 And in honour there's a blisse.
 Th'are immortall who aspiee.

But

But truth sayes, no joyes are sweet,
But where hearts united meet.

GRAPH. Roses breath not such a sent,
To perfume the neighb'ring groves;
As when you affirme content,
In no speare of glory moves.
Glory narrow soules combines
Noble hearts love onely joynes.

TO CASTARA,
*Intending a journey into the
Country.*

WHY haste you hence *Castara*? can the earth,
A glorious mother, in her flowry birth,
Shew Lillies like thy brow? Can she disclose
An emulation of thy cheek, a Rose,
Sweet as thy blush upon thy selfe then set
Its value and scorne it thy counterfet.
The Spring's still with thee; But perhaps the field,
Not warm'd with thy approach, wants force to yeeld

But

C 2

Her

Her tribute to the plough; Or rather let
 Th' ingratefull earth for ever be in debt
 To th' hope of sweating industry, than we
 Should starve with cold, who have no heat but thee
 Nor feare the publike good. Thy eyes can give
 A life to all, who can deserve to live.

*Vpon CASTARA'S
 departure.*

I Am engag'd to sorrow, and my heart
 Feeles a distracted rage: Though you depart
 And leave me to my tears; let love in spite
 Of absence, our divided soules unite.
 But you must goe. The melancholy Doves
 Draw *Venus* chariot hence: The sportive Loves
 Which wont to wanton here hence with you flie,
 And like false friends forsake me when I die.
 For but a walking tombe, what can he be,
 Whose best of life is forc'd to part with thee?

TO CASTARA.

*Upon a trembling kisse at de-
parture.*

THE Arabian wind, whose breathing gently blows
Purple to the Violet, blushes to the rose;
Did never yeeld an odour rich as this.
Why are you then so thrifty of a kisse,
Authoriz'd even by custome? Why doth feare
to tremble on your lip, my lip being neare?
Think you I parting, wish so fast a zeale,
Will act, blacke a mischiefe, as to steale
thy Roses thence? And they, by this device,
Transplanted; some where else force Paradise?
O, chide you feare, lest you, should my heart skip
To my mouth, t' encounter with your lip,
Mig'it rob me of it; and be judg'd in this,
I' have Iudas like betray'd me with a kisse.

*In CASTARA,
Looking backe at her departing.*

Looke backe *Castara*. From thy eye
Let yet more flaming arrowes flye.
To live, is thus to burne and die.

For what might glorious hope desire,
But that thy selfe, as I expire,
Should bring both death and funerall fire?

Distracted Love, shall grieve to see
Such zeale in death: For feare lest he
Himselfe, should be consum'd in me.

And gathering up my ashes, weepe,
That in his teares he then may sleepe:
And thus embalm'd, as reliques, keepe.

Thither let lovers pilgrims turne,
And the loose flames in which they burne,
Give up as offerings to my Vine.

That them the vertue of my shrine,
By miracle to long refine;
Till they prove innocent as mine.

Up

Vpon CASTARA'S absence.

T'Is madnesse to give phylicke to the dead,
 Then leave me friends. Yet haply you'd here
 A lecture; but I'll not dissected be, (reads
 T' instruct your art by my anatomie:
 But still you trust your sense, sweare you discern
 No difference in me. All's deceit oth' eye,
 Some spirit hath a body fram'd in th' aire,
 Like mine, which he doth to delude, you weare:
 Else heaven by miracle makes me survive
 My selfe, to keepe in me poore love alive.
 But I am dead, yet let none question where
 I part rests, and with a sigh or teare,
 Prophane the Pompe, when they my corps inter,
 My soule imparadis'd, for 'tis with her.

*TO CASTARA,
 Complaining her absence in the Countrey.*

THe lesser people of the ayre conspire
 To keepe thee from me. *Philomel* with higher

And sweeter notes, wooes thee to sweep her rape.
 Which would appease the gods, & change her shape.
 The early Lark, preferring 'fore soft rest
 Obsequious duty, leaves his downy nest,
 And doth to thee harmonious tribute pay;
 Expecting from thy eyes the breake of day.
 From which the Owle is frightened, and doth rove
 (As never having felt the warmth of love.)
 In uncouth vaults, and the chill shades of night,
 Not biding the bright lustre of thy sight.
 With him my fate agrees. Not viewing thee
 I am lost in mists, at best, but meteors see.

TO THAMES.

Swift in thy watry chariot, courteous *Thames*,
 Hast by the happy error of thy streames,
 To kiss the banks of *Marlow*, which doth show
 Faire *Seymour*, and beyond that never flow.
 Then summon all thy Swins, that who did give
 Muſick to death, may henceforth sing, and live,
 For my *Cyflara*. She can life restore,
 Or quicken them who had no life before.

How

How should the Poplar else the Pine provoke,
The stately Cedar challenge the rude Oke
To dance at sight of her? They have no sense
From nature given, but by her influence.

If *Orpheus* did those senseless creatures stir,
He was a Prophet, and fore-saw of her.

*To the right honorable my very good
Lord, I O H N Earle of S.*

MY Muse (great Lord) when last you heard her sing
Did to your Vnles Vrine, her offerings bring:
And if to fame I may give faith, your eares
Delighted in the musicks of her teares.
That was her debt to vertue. And when e're
She her bright head among the clouds shall reare,
And adde to th' wondrous heavens a new flame,
Shee'll celebrate the Genius of your name.
Wilde with another rage, inspir'd by love,
She charmes the Myrtles of th' Idalian grove.
And while she gives the Cyprian stormes a law,
Those wanton Doves which *Cytherea* draw

C 5

Through

Through th'am'rous aire : Admire what power doth
 The Ocean, and arrest them in theyr way. (sway)
 She sings *Castara* then. O the more bright,
 Then is the starrie Senate of the night ;
 Who in theyr motion did like straglers erre,
 Cause they deriv'd no influence from her,
 Who's constant as she's chaste. The Sun hath beene
 Clad like a neighb'ring shepheard often seene
 To haunt those Dales, in hope then *Daphnes*, there
 To see a brighter face. Th' Astrologer
 In th' interim dyed, whose proud art could not show
 Whence that Eclipse did on the fudden grow.
 A wanton Satyre eager in the chace
 Of some faire Nymph, beheld *Castara's* face,
 And left his loose pursuit ; who while he ey'd,
 Vnchastely, such a beauty, glorified
 With such a vertue ; by heavens great commands,
 Turn'd marble, and there yet a Statue stands.
 As Poet thus. But as a Christian now,
 And by my zeale to you (my Lord) I vow,
 She doth a flame so pure and sacred move ;
 In me impiety 'twere not to love.

TO CUPID.

Wishing a speedy passage to CASTARA.

THANKES *Cupid*, but the Coach of *Venus* moves
For me too slow, drawne but by lazie Doves.

I, lest my journey a delay should finde,

Will leape into the chariot of the wind.

Switt as the flight of lightning through the ayre,

Hee'lle hurry me till I approach the faire,

But unkinde *Seymors*. Thus he will proclaime,

What tribute winds owe to *Castara's* name.

Viewing this prodigie, astonisht they,

Who first accessie deni'd me, will obey,

With feare what love commands : Yet censure me

As guilty of the blackest sorcery.

But after to my wishes milder prove :

When they know this the miracle of love.

TO CASTARA

Of Love.

HOW fancie mocks me ? By th' effect I prove,
'Twas am'rous folly, wings ascrib'd to loye,

And

And ore th' obedient elements command.
 Hee's lame as he is blinde, for here I stand
 Fast as the earth. Throw then this Id all downe
 Yee lovers who first made it; which can growne
 O, smile; but as you please. But I'me untame
 In rage. *Castara* call thou on his name;
 And though hee'ie not beare up my vowes to thee,
 Hee'ie triumph to bring downe my Sunne to mee.

To the Spring,
 Upon the uncertainty of CASTARA'S
 abode.

FAire Mistr! Be to thy earth, with garlands crown'd
 Rise, by a lovers charmes, from thy pitch'd ground;
 And shew thy flowery weal; that she, where ere
 Her furies shall guide her, meet thy beauties there.
 Should she to the cold Northerne climates goe,
 Force thy asighted Lillies there to grow;
 Thy Roses in those gelid fields t'appeare;
 She absent, I have all their Winter here.
 O if to th' torrid Zone her way she bend,
 Her the cool breathing of *Favonius* lend,

Thither

Further command the birds to bring their quires.
This Zone is temp'rate. I have all his fires.

At end her courteous Spring, though we should
Lose by it all the treasures of the yeare. (here

To Reason,

Vpon CASTARA's absence.

With your calne precepts goe, and lay a flame
In some best Hegmaticke, w^e would conformance
Her life to your cold lawes: In vaine y^e engage
Your selfe on me. I will obey my rage.
Shes gone, and I am lost. Some unknowne grove
I'll finde, w^hereby the miracle of Love
I'll turne t^a fountaine, and divide the yeare;
By numbring every moment with a teare.
Where if *Castara* (to avoid the beames
O'h'neigh'ring Sun) shall wandring meete my
And casting hope her thirst alaid shall be; (streames.
Shesle feele a sudden flame, and burne like mee;
And thus distracted cry, Tell me thou cleere,
But treach'rous Fount, what lover's confid' here?

An answer to CASTARA'S question.

T'Is I *Castara*, who when thou wert gone,
 Did freeze into this melancholly stone,
 To weepe the minutes of thy absence. Where
 Can griefe have freer scope to mourne then here?
 The Larke here practiseth a sweeter straine,
Aurora's early blush to entertaine;
 And having too deepe tasted of these streames,
 He loves, and amorously courts her beames.
 The courtedus turtle with a wondring zeale,
 Saw how to stone I did my selfe congeale,
 And murm'ring askt what powre this change did
 The language of my waters whispred, Love. (move;
 And thus transform'd Ile stand, till I shall see,
 That heart so ston'd and frozen, thaw'd in thee.

*TO CASTARA,
 Vpon the disguising his affection.*

PRonounce me guilty of a Blacker crime,
 Then e're in the Large volume writ by Time,

The

βion. The sad Historian reads ; if not my art
 Dissembles love, to veile an am'rous heart,
 For when the zealous anger of my friend
 Checks my unusuall sadnesse ; I pretend
 To study vertue, which indeed I doe,
 He must court vertue who aspires to you,
 Or that some friend is dead and then a teare,
 A sigh or groane steales from me : for I feare
 Lest death with love hath strooke my heart, and all
 These sorrowes usher but its funerall,
 Which would revive, should you there mourner
 And force a nuptiall in an obsequie, (bo,

To the beuourable my honoured kinsman,
Mr. G. T.

THrice hath the pale-fac'd Empresse of the night,
 Lent in her chaste increase her borrowed light,
 To guide the vowing Marriner : since mute
 Talbot th'ast beene, too slothfull to salute

The Thy

Thy exil'd servant. Labour not to excuse.
 This dull neglect : Love never wants a Muse.
 When thunder summons from eternall sleepe
 Th' unprison'd ghosts, and spreads oth' frighted
 A veil of darknesse ; te urgent to be (deeps,
 I may forget, yet still remember thee,
 Next to my life, under whose eye-lids move,
 In nimble measures, beauty, wit, and love.
 Not think : *Castra* (though the sexe be fraile,
 And ever like uncertaine vessels saile
 On th' ocean of their passions ; while each wind
 Triump'is to see their more uncertaine mind,)
 Can be induc't to alter, Every starre
 May in its nation grow irregular ;
 The Sunne forget to yeeld his welcome flame
 To th' beaming earth, yet she remaine the same.
 And in my armes (if Poets may divine,)
 I once that world of beauty shall intwine,
 And on her lips print v'lumes of my love,
 Without a froward checke, and sweetly move
 Ith' Labyrinth of delight. If not, I'll draw
 Her picture on my heart, and gently thave
 With warmth of zeale, untill I heave on current,
 To give true life to th' aery counterfeit.

Eccho

Eccho to Narcissus.

*In praise of CASTARA's discreet
love.*

SCon'd in thy watry Vrine *Narcissus* lie,
Thou shalt not force more tribute from my eye
T' increase thy streames: or make me weep a showre,
To add' fresh beauty to thee, now a flowre.
But should I relenting heaven restore thee sense,
To see such wisdom temper innocence,
In fair *Castara's* love; how she discreet,
Makes caution with a noble freedom meet,
At the same moment; should' it confesse fond boy,
Fools onely thinke them vertuous, who are coy.
And wonder not that I, who have no choice
Of speech, have praising her so free a voice:
Heaven her severest sentence doth repeale,
When to *Castara* I would speake my zeale.

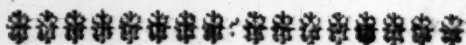
TO CASTARA,
Being debarr'd her presence.

BAnisht from you, I charg'd the nimble winde,
My unscene Messenger, to speake my minde,
In am'rous whispers to you. But my Muse
Lest the unruly spirit should abuse
The trust repos'd in him, sayd it was due
To her alone, to sing my loves to you.
Heare her then speake. Bright Lady, from whose eye,
Shot lightning to his heart, who joyes to dye
A martyr in your flames: O let your love
Be great and firme as his: Then nought shall move
Your seild faiths, that both may grow together:
Or if by Fate divided, both may wither.
Harke! 'twas a groane. Ah how sad absence reads
His troubled thoughts! See, he from *Marlow* sends
His eyes to *Seymors*. Then chides th'envious trees;
And unkinde distance. Yet his fancie sees
And courts your beauty, joyes as he had cleav'd
Close to you, and then weepes because decciv'd.
Be constant as y'are faire. For I fore-see
A glorious triumph waits o'th victory
Your love will purchase, shewing us to prize
A true content: There onely Love hath eyes.

To Seymors,

*The house in which CASTARA
lived.*

Blest Temple, haile, where the Chast Altar stands,
Which Nature built, but the exacter hands
Of Vertue polish'd. Though sad Fate deny
My prophane feet access, my vowes shall flie.
May those Musicians, which divide the ayre
With theyr harmonious breath, their flight prepare,
For this glad place, and all theyr accents frame,
To reach the Eccho my *Castara's* name.
The beautilous troopes of graces led by love
In chaste attempts, possesse the neighb'ring grove
Where may the Spring dwell still, May every tree
Turne to a Laurell, and prophetick be.
Which shall in its first Oracle divine,
That courteous Fate decrees *Castara* mine.



To the Dew,

In hope to see CASTARA walking.

B Right Dew which dost the field adorne
As th'earth to welcome in the morne,
Would hang a jewell on each corne.

Did not the pittious night, whose cares
Have oft bene conscious of my feares,
Disfull you from her eyes as teares?

Or that *Castara* for your zeale,
When she her beauties shall reveale,
Night you to Dymonds congeale?

If not your pity, yet how ere
Your care I praise, 'gainst she appeare,
To make the wealthy Indies here.

But see she comes. Bright lampe oth' skie,
Put out thy light: the world shall spie,
A fairer Sonne in either eye.

And



And liquid Pearle, hang heaue now
On every grasse that it may bow
In veneration of her brow.

Yet if the wind should curious be,
And were I here, should question thee,
Hee's full of whispers, speake not mee.

But if the busie tell-tale day,
Our happy enerview betray;
Lest thou confesse too, melt away.

TO CASTARA.

Stay under the kinde shadow of this tree
Castara, and protect thy selfe and me (Kings,
From the Sunnes rayes. Which shew the grace of
A dangerous warmth with too much fivour brings.
How happy in this shade the humble Vine
Doth 'bout some taller tree her selfe intwine,
And so growes fruitfull; reaching us her fate
Doth beare more sweets, though Cedars beare more
Behold *Adonis* in yand' purple flowre, (Kare:
T'was *Venus* love: That dew, the briny showre,

His

His coyneſſe wept, while ſtrugling yet alive :
 Now he repents and gladly would revive,
 By th' vertue of your chaſte & powerfull charmes,
 To play the modeſt wanton in your armes.

*To CASTARA,
 Ventring to walke too farre in the neigh-
 bouring wood.*

DAre not too farre *Caſſara*, for the ſhade
 This courteous thicket yeelds, hath man betray'd
 A prey to wolves to the wilde powers oth' wood,
 O'th' travellers pay tribute with their blood.
 If careleſſe of thy ſelfe, of me take care.
 For like a ſhip where all the fortunes are
 Of an advent'rous merchant; I muſt be,
 If thou ſhould'ſt periſh, banquerout in thee.
 My feares have mockt me. Tygers when they ſhall
 Behold ſo bright a face, will humbly fall
 In adoration of thee. Fierce they are
 To the deform'd, obſequious to the faire.
 Yet venter not; 'tis nobler farre to ſway
 The heart of man, then beaſts, who man obey.

Upon

Vpon CASTARA's departure;

V O w e s a r e v a i n e . N o s u p p l i a n t b r e a t h
 S t a y e s t h e s p e e d o f s w i f t - h e e l ' d d e a t h .
 L i f e w i t h h e r i s g o n e a n d I
 L e a r n e b u t a n e w w a y t o d y e .
 S e e t h e f l o w e r s c o n d o l e , a n d a l l
 W i t h e r e i n m y f u n e r a l l .
 T h e b r i g h t L i l l y , a s i f d a y
 P a r t e d w i t h h e r f a d e s a w a y .
 V i o l e t s h a n g s t h e i r h e a d s , a n d l o s e
 A l l t h e i r b e a u t y . T h a t t h e R o s e
 A s a d p a r t i n s o r r o w b e a r e s ,
 W i t n e s s e a l l t h o s e d e w y t e a r e s ,
 W h i c h a s P e a r l e , o r D y a m o n d l i k e ,
 S w e l l u p o n h e r b l u s h i n g c h e e k e .
 A l l t h i n g s m o u r n e , b u t o h b e h o l d
 H o w t h e w i t h e r e d M a r i g o l d
 C l o s e t h u p n o w s h e i s g o n e ,
 J u d g i n g h e r t h e s e t t i n g S u n n e .

A Dialogue betwene
NIGHT and ARAPHIL.

NIGHT, **L**et silence close thy troubled eyes,
 Thy feare in *Lethe* sleepe:
 The starres bright cent'nels of the skies,
 Watch to secure thy sleepe.

ARAPH. The Norths unruly spirit lay
 In the disorder'd Seas:
 Make the rude Winter calme as May,
 And give a lover ease,

NIGHT. Yet why should feare with her pale
 Bewitch thee so to grieve? (charmes)
 Since it prevents n'insuing harmes,
 Nor yeelds the pain relief.

ARAPH. And yet such horror I sustaine
 As the sad vessell, when
 Rough tempests have incens'd the Maine,
 Her Harbor now in ken.

NIGHT. No conquest weares a glorious wreath
 Which dangers not obtaine:

Let tempests 'gainst thee shipwracke breathe,
Thou shalt thy harbour gaine.

A R A P H. Truths *Delphe* doth not still foretell,
Though *Sol th'* inspirer be.
How then should night as blind as hell,
Ensuing truths fore-see?

NIGHT. The Sonne yeelds man no constant flame
One light those Priests inspires.
While I though blacke am still the same,
And haue ten thousand fires.

A R A P H. But those, sayes my prophetick feare,
As funerall torches burne,
While thou thy selfe the blacks dost weare,
I' attend me to my Vrne.

NIGHT. Thy feares abuse thee, for those lights
In *Hymens* Church shall shine,
When he by th' mystery of his rites,
Shall make *Caßara* thine.

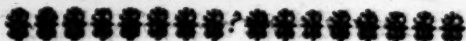
*To the Right honourable, the
Lady, E. P.*

Your judgement's cleere, not wrinckled with
the Time,
On th' humble fate; which censures it a
crime,

To be by vertue min'd. For I know
Y'are not so various as to ebbe and flow
Ith' streame of fortune, whom each faithlesse wind
Distracts, and they who made her, fram'd her blind.
Possession makes us poore. Should we obtaine
All those bright jems, for which ith' wealthy Maine,
The rann'd slave dives; or in one boundlesse chest
Imprison all the treasures of the West,
We still should want. Our better part's immence,
Not like the inferiour, limited by sense.
Rich with a little, mutuall love can lift
Vs to a greatnesse, whether chance nor thrift
E'r rais'd her servants. For though all were spent,
That can create an Europe in content.

Thus

Thus (Madam) when *Castara* lends an eare
 Soft to my hope, I Loves Philosopher,
 Winne on her faith. For when I wondring stand
 At th' intermingled beauty of her hand,
 (Higher I dare not gaze) to this bright vaine
 I not ascribe the blood of *Charlemaine*
 Deriv'd by you to her. Or say there are
 In that and th' other *Marmion*, *Rosse*, and *Pere*
Fitzhugh, *Saint Quintin*, and the rest of them
 That adde such lustre to great *Pembrokes* stem.
 My love is envious. Would *Castara* were
 The daughter of some mountaine cottager
 Who with his toile worne out, could dying leave
 Her no more dowre, then what she did receive
 From bounteous nature. Her would I then lead
 To th' Temple, rich in her owne wealth; her head
 Crown'd with her haire's faire treasure; diamonds in
 Her brighter eyes; soft Ermins in her skin;
 Each Indie in each cheeke. Then all who want,
 That fortune, them t'enrich, made others want,
 Should set themselves out glorious in her stealth;
 And trie if that, could parallel this wealth.



(52)



*To CASTARA,
Departing upon the approach of Night.*

WHat should we feare *Castara*? The coole
aire,
That's false in love, and wantons in thy
haire,

Will not betray our whispers. Should I steale
A Nectar'd kisse, the wind dares not reveale
The pleasure I possesse. The wind conspires
To our blest interview, and in our fires
Bath's like a Salamander, and doth sip,
Like *Bacchus* from the grape, life from thy lip.
Nor think of nights approach. The worlds great eye
Though breaking Natures law, will us supply
With his still flaming lampe: and to obey
Our chaste desires, fix here perpetuall day.
But should he see, what rebell night dares rise,
To be subdu'd ith' vict'ry of thy eyes?

An



An Apparition.

More welcome my *Castara*, then was light
 To the disordered Chaos. O what bright
 And nimble chariot brought thee through the aire?
 While the amazed stars to see so faire
 And pure a beany from the earth arise,
 Chang'd all their glorious bodies into eyes.
 O let my zealous lip print on thy hand
 The story of my love, which there shall stand
 A bright inscription to be read by none,
 But who as I love thee, and love but one.
 Why vanish you away? Or is my sense
 Deluded by my hope? O sweet offence
 Of erring nature! And would heaven this had
 Beene true; or that I thus were ever mad.

*To the Honourable my most honoured
 friend, W^m. E. Esquire.*

He who is good is happy. Let the loude
 Artillery of Heaven breake through a cloude

And dart its thunder at him ; hee'le remaine
 Vainov' and nobler comfort entertaine
 In welcomming th' approach of death, then vice
 Ere found in her fictitious Paradise.
 Time mocks our youth, and (while we number past
 Delights, and raise our appetite to tast
 Ensuing) brings us to unflatter'd age.
 Where we are left to satisfie the rage
 Of threatning Death: Pompe, beauty, wealth, and all
 Our friendships, shrinking from the funerall.
 The thought of this begets that brave disdain
 With which thou view'st the world and makes those
 Treasures of fancy, serious fooles so court, (vaine
 And sweat to purchase, thy contempt or sport.
 What should wee covet here ? Why interpose
 A cloud twixt us and heaven ? Kind Nature chose
 Mans soule th' Exchequer where she'd hoord her
 wealth,
 And lodge all her rich secrets, but by th' stealth
 Of our owne vanity, w'are left so poore ;
 The creature merely sensuall knowes more.
 The learn'd *Halecyon* by her wisdoms finds
 A gentle season, when the seas and winds
 Are silenc't by a calme, and then brings forth
 The happy miracle of her rare birth,
 Leaving with wonder all our arts posselt,
 That view the architecture of her nest.

Pride raiseth us 'bove justice. Wee bestowe
 Increase of knowledge on old ayminde, which growe
 By age to dorage : while the sensitive
 Part of the World in it's first strength doth live:
 Folly ? what dost thou in thy powre containe
 Deserves our study ? Merchants plough the maine
 And bring home th'Indies, yet aspire to more,
 By avarice in the possession poore.
 And yet that Idoll wealth wee all admit
 Into the soules great temple, Busie war
 Invents new Orgies, fancy frames new rites
 To show it's superstition, anxious nights
 Are watcht to win its favour : while the beast
 Content with Natures courtesie doth rest.
 Let man then boast no more a soule, since he
 Hath lost that great prerogative. But thee
 (Whom Fortune hath exempted from the heard
 Of vulgar men, whom vertue hath prefer'd
 Farre higher then thy birth) I must commend,
 Rich in the purchase of so sweet a friend.
 And though my fate conducts me to the shade
 Of humble quyet, my ambition payde
 With safe content, while a pure Virgin fame
 Doth raise me trophies in *Cassara's* name.
 No thought of glory swelling me above
 The hope of being famed for vertuous love.

Yet with I thee, guided by better starres
To purchase unsafe honour in the warres
Of envied smiles at court ; for thy great race,
And merits, well may challenge th' highest place.
Yet know, what busie path so ere you trod
To greatnesse, you must sleepe among the dead.

TO CASTARA,
The vanitie of Avarice.

HArke ? how the traytor wind doth court
The Saylor to the maine ;
To make their avarice his sport ?
A tempest checks the fond disdain
They beare a safe though humble port.

Wee'le sit my Love, upon the shore,
And while proud billowes rise
To warre against the skie, sprake ore
Our Loves to sacred misteries.
And charme the Sea to th' calme it had before.

Where's

Where's now my pride t' extend my fame
 Where ever statues are?
 And purchase glory to my name
 In the smooth court or rugged warre?
 My love hath layd the Devill, I am tame.

I'de rather like the violet grow
 Unmarkt i'th shaded vale,
 Then on the hill those terrors know
 Are breath'd forth by an angry gale,
 There is more pompe above, more sweet below.

Love, thou devine Philosopher
 (While covetous Landlords rent,
 And Courtiers dignity preferre)
 Hast us'd us to a sweet content.
 Greatnesse is selfe, doth in it selfe interre.

Castara, what is there above
 The treasures wee possesse?
 Wee two are all and one, wee move
 Like starres in th' orbe of happinesse.
 All blessings are Epitomiz'd in Love.



*To my most honoured Friend
and Kinsman, R. St.
Esquire.*

IT shall not grieve me (friend) though what I write
Be held no wit at Court. If I delight
So farre my sullen Genius, as to raise
It pleasure; I have money, wine, and bayes
Enough to crowne me Poet. Let those wits,
Who teach theyr Muse the art of Parasits
To win on easie greatnesse; or the yongue
Spruce Lawyer who's all impudence and tongue
Sweat to divulge their fames: thereby the one
Gets fees; the other hyre, I'me best unknowne:
Sweet silence I embrace thee, and thee Fate
Which didst my birth so wisely moderate;
That I by want am neither vilified,
Nor yet by riches flatter'd into pride.
Resolve me friend (for it must folly be
Or else revenge gainst niggard Destinie;
That makes some Poets rule?) Why are their rimes
So kept in gall? Why so obrayde the times?
As if ne sin call'd downe heav'ns vengeance more
The cause & World leaves some few writers poore?



'Tis true, that *Chapmans* reverend ashes must
 Lye rudely mingled with the vulgar dust,
 Cause carefull heyres the wealthy onely have,
 To build a glorious trouble o're the grave:
 Yet doe I not despaire, some one may be
 So seriously devout to Poësie
 As to translate his reliques, and find room
 In the warme Church, to build him up a tombe.
 Since *Spencer* hath a Stone; and *Draytons* browes
 Stand petrelled ith' wall, with *Laurell* bowes
 Yet girt about; and nigh wife *Henries* herte,
 Old *Chaucer* got a Marble for his verse.
 So courteous is Death; Death Poëts brings
 So high a pompe, to lodge them with their Kings;
 Yet still they mutiny. If this man please
 His silly Paron with Hyperboles.
 Or most mysterious non-sence, give his braine
 But the strapado in some wanton strain;
 Hee'll swear the State lookes not on men of parts
 And, if but mention'd, slight all other Arts.
 Vaine ostentation! Let us set so just
 A rate on knowledge, that the World may trust
 The Poëts Sentence, and not still aver
 Each art is to it selfe a flatterer.
 I write to you Sir on this theame, because
 Your soule is cleare, and you observe the lawes.



(60)

Of Poësie so justly, that I chuse
Yours onely the example to my Muse.
And till my browner haire be mixt with gray
Without a blush, I'll tread the sportive way
My Muse directs; A Poëtyouth may be,
But age doth dote without Philosophie.



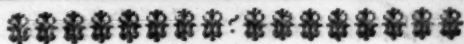
*To the World,
The Perfection of Love:*

YOU who are earth, and cannot rise
Above your sence,
Boasting the envied wealth which lyes
Bright in your Mistris lips or eyes,
Betray a pittyyed eloquence.

That which doth joynes our soules, so light
And quick doth move.
That like the Eagle in his flight
It doth transcend all humane sight,
Lost in the element of Love.

You





(61)

You Poets reach not this, who sing
The praise of dust
But kneaded, when by theft you bring
The rose and lilly from the Spring
T'adorne the wrinkled face of Lust.

When wee speake Love, nor art, nor wit
Wee gloss upon
Our soules engender, and beget
Idles, which you counterfeite
In your dull propagation.

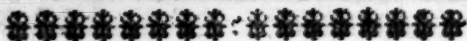
While Time seven ages shall disperse,
Wee'le talke of Love.
And when our tongues held no commerce,
Our thoughts shall mutually converse.
And yet the blood no rebell prove.

And though we be of severall kind
Fit for offence:
Yet are we so by Love refin'd
From impure droffe we are all mind.
Death could not more have conquer'd sence.

You

How





How suddenly those flames expire
Which scorch our clay? *
Promethew-like when we steals fire
From heaven 'tis endlesse and intire
It may know age, but not decay.

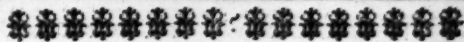


To the Winter.

WHy dost thou looke so pale, decrepit man?
Why doe thy cheeks curl like the Ocean,
Into such furrowes? Why dost thou appeare
So shaking, like an ague to the yeare?
The Sunne is gone, But yet *Castara* staves,
And will adde stature to thy Pigmy dayes,
Warne may sture to thy veynes her smile can bring
Thee the sweet youth, and beauty of the Spring.
Hence with thy Palsie thee, and on thy head
Weare flowrie chaplets as a bridegroom led
To th' holy Fane. Banish thy aged ruth,
That Virgins may admire and court thy youth.
And the approaching Sunne when she shall fade
A Spring without him, fall, since uselesse, blind,

Vpon





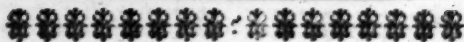
(63)



*Vpon a visit to CASTARA in
the Night.*

TWAS Night: when *Phoebe* guided by thy rays,
Chaste as my zeale, with incense of her praise,
I humbly crept to my *Castara's* shrine.
But oh my fond mistake / for there did shine
A noone of beauty, with such lustre crown'd,
As shew'd mong th'impious onely night is found.
It was her eyes which like two Diamonds shin'd,
Brightest in dark. Like which could th'Indian find
But one among his rocks, he would out-vie
In brightnesse all the Diamonds of the Skie.
But when her lips did ope, the Phoenix nest
Breath'd forth her odours; where might *Ioue* once
Hee'd loath his heavenly surfets: if we dare (cease
Assume, *Ioue* hath a heaven without my fauer





(64)



TO CASTARA.
Of the chastity of his Love.

WHY would you blush *Castara*, when the name,
Of love you heare? Who never felt his flame,
Itth' shade of melancholly night doth stray,
A blind Cymmerian banish't from the day.
Let's chastly love *Castara*, and not soyle
This Virgin lampe by powring in the oyle
Of impure thoughts. O let us sympathize,
And onely talke itth' language of our eyes,
Like two flames in conjunction. But beware
Lest th' Angels who of love compacted are,
Viewing how chastly burnes thy zealous fire,
Should teach thee hence, to joyne unto their quire.
Yet take thy flight on earth for surely we
So joynd, in heaven cannot divided be.

The



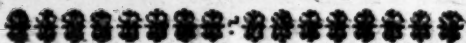
The Description
of CASTARA,

Like the Violet which alone
Prosper in some happy shade,
My *Castara* lives unknowne,
To no looser eye betray'd,
For shee's to her selfe untrue,
Who delights ith' publike view.

Such is her beauty, as no arts
Have enricht with borrowed grace.
Her high birth no pride imparts,
For she blushes in her place.
Folly boasts a glorious bloud
She is noblest being good.

Cautious she knew never yet
What a wanton cou--^{sin} meant :

Nor



Not speaks loud to boast her wit,
In her silence eloquent.
Of her selfe farvey she takes,
But 'twene men no difference makes.

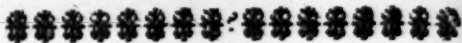
She obeyes with speedy will
Her grave Parents wise commands,
And so innocent, that ill,
She nor acts, nor understands.
Womens feet runne still astray,
If once to ill they know the way;

She failes by that rocke, the Court;
Where oft honour splits her mask:
And retir'dnesse thinks the port,
Where her fame may anchor cast:
Vertue safely cannot sit,
Where vice is enthron'd for wit.

She holds that dayes pleasure best,
Where sinne waits not on delight,
Without mask e, or ball, or feast,
Sweetly spends a Winters night.
O're that darknesse, whencee is thrust.
Prayer and sleepe oft governes lust.

She





(67)

She her throne makes reason climbe,
While wilde passions captive lie.
And each article of time,
Her pure thoughts to heaven flie.
All her vowes religious be,
And her love she vovves to me.

FINIS.





C

V
C

Pri



CASTARA.

The Second part.

*Vatumque lascivos triumphos,
Calcat Amor, pede conjugali.*



LONDON.

Printed by B. A. & T. F. for Will: Cooke,
and are to bee sold at his shop
neare Furnivals-Inne Gate
in Holburne, 1635.





ledg
ty n
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A Wife,

IS the sweetest part in the harmony of our being. To the love of which, as the charmes of Nature inchant us, so the law of grace by speciall privilege invites us. Without her, Man if piety not restraine him; is the creator of sin; or, if an innated cold render him not onely the businesse of the present age; the murderer of posterity. She is so religious that every day crownes her a martyr, and her zeale

nei-

neither rebellious nor uncivill. She is so true a friend, her husband may to her communicate even his ambitions, and if successe crowne not expectation, remaine nevertheless uncontent'd. She is colleague with him in the empire of prosperity; and a safe retyring place when adversity exiles him from the World. She is so chaste, she never understood the language lust speakes in, nor with a smile applaudes it, although there appeare wit in the metaphore. She is faire onely to win on his affections, nor would she be mistress of the most eloquent beauty; if there were danger, that might perswade the passionate auditory, to the least irregular thought. She is noble by a long descent, but her memory is so evill a herald, She never boasts the story of her ancestors. She is so moderately rich, that the defect of portion doth neither bring penury to his estate, nor the superfluity licence her to riot. She is

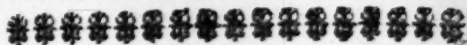
liberall,

liberall, and yet owes not ruine to vanity, but knowes charity, to bee the soule of goodnesse, and Vertue without reward often prone to be her owne destroyer. Shee is much at home, and when she visits 'tis for mutuall commerce, not for intelligence. She can goe to court, and retorne no passionate adacter on braverie; and when shee hath seene the gay things muster up themselves there, shee considers them as Cobwebs the Spider vanity hath spunne. Shee is so generall in her acquaintance, that shee is familiar with all whom fame speaks vertuous, but thinkes there can be no friendship but with one; and therefore hath neither shee friend nor private servant. She so squares her passion to her husbands fortunes, that in the countrey she lives without a froward melancholly, in



the town without a fantastique pride. She is so temperate, she never read the moderne pollicie of glorious surseits; since she finds Nature is no Epicure if art provoke her not by curiositie. Shee is inquisite onely of new wayes to please him, and her witt sailes by no other compasse then that of his direction. Shee looks upon him as Conjurers upon the Circle, beyond which there is nothing but Death and Hell; and in him shee beleaves Paradise circumscrib'd. His vertues are her wonder and imitation; and his errors, her credulitie thinks no more fraytie, then makes him descend to the title of Man. In a word, shee so lives that shee may dye, and leave no cloude upon her Memory, but have her character nobly mencioned: while the bad Wife is flattered into infamy.





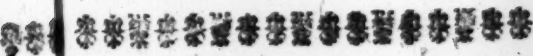
(75)

and buyes pleasure at so deare a
rate, if shee onely payes
for it Repentance.



E 2

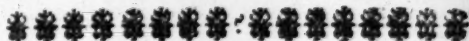
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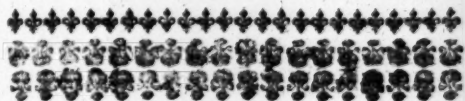


The
View
A
Tho
Our





(77)



The Second Part.

TO CASTARA;
Now possesst of her in marriage.

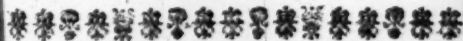


His day is ours. The marriage An-
gell now
Sees th' Altar in the odour of our
vow,
Yeeld a more precious breath, then
that which moves

The whispering leaves in the *Panchayan* groves,
View how his temples shine, on which he weares
A wreath of pearle, made of those precious teares
Thou wepst a Virgin, when crosse winds did blow,
Our hopes disturbing in their quiet flow.

E 3

But

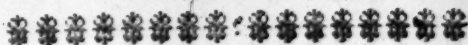


But now *Castara* smile, No envious night
Dares enterpose it selfe, t'eclipse the light
Of our cleare joyes, For even the lawes divine
Permit our mutuall love so to entwine,
That Kings, to ballance true content, shall say;
Would they were great as we, we blest as they.

TO CASTARA.
*Vpon the mutuall love of their
Majesties.*

DId you not see, *Castara*, when the King
Met his lov'd *Queene*; what sweetnesse she
did bring
T'incounter his brave heart; how great a flame
From their breasts meeting, on the sudden came?
The *Stoike*, who all easie passion flies,
Could he but heare the language of their eyes,
As heretics would from his faith remove
The tenets of his sect, and practise love.
The bar'rous nations which supply the earth
With a promiscuous and ignoble birth,

Would



(79)

Would by this precedent correct their life,
Each wisely chaste, and chasteely love a wife.
Princes examples is a law. Then we
If loyall subjects, mult true lovers be.



To Zephirus.

V whose whispers soft as those which louers breath
Cassius and my selfe I here bequeath
To thee calme wind. For heaven such joyes afford
To her and me, that there can be no third.
And you kinde starres, be thrifter of your light:
Her eyes supply your office with more bright
And constant lustre. Angels guardians, like
The nimble ship boyes shall be joy'd to strike
Or hoist up saile; Nor shall our vessel move
By Card or Compasse, but a heavenly love.
The countesse of this more prosp'rous gale
Shall swell our Canvas, and wee'le swiftly saile
To some blest Port, where ship hath never lane
At anchor, whose chaste soile no foot prophane
Hath ever trod; Where Nature doth dispence
Her infant wealth, a beauctious innocence.





Pompe (even a burthen to it selfe) nor Pride,
 (The Magistrate of Ennes) did e're abide
 On that so sacred earth, Ambition ne're,
 Builde for the sport of ruine, fabricks there.
 Thence age and death are exil'd, all offence
 And feare expell'd, all noise and faction thence.
 A silence there so melancholy sweet,
 That none but whispering Turtles ever meet.
 Thus Paradise did our first Parents Woove
 To harmlesse sweets, at first possesst by two:
 And o're this second, weele usurpe the throne:
Castara weele obey and rule alone.
 For the rich vertue of this soile I feare,
 Would be depraved, should but a third be there.



TO CASTARA,
In a Trance.

Forsake me not so soone. *Castara* stay,
 And as I breake the prison of my clay,
 Ile fill the Canvas, with m'expiring breath,
 And with thee saile o're the vast maine of death.

Some



Some Cherubin thus as we passe shall play.
 Goe happy twins of love : The courteous Sea
 Shall smooth her wrinkled brow : the winds shall
 Or onely whisper musicke to the deepe : (leepe,
 Every ungentle rocke shall melt away,
 The Syrens sing to please, not to betray.
 Th' indulgent skie shall smile : Each starrie quire
 Contend, which shall afford the brighter fire.
 While Love, the Pilot, steeres his course so even,
 Ne're to cast anchor till we reach at heaven.

TO DEATH.

CASTARA *being sicke*.

Hence prophane grim man, nor dare
 To approach so neere my faire.
 Marble vaults, and gloomy caves,
 Church-yards, Charnell houses, graves,
 Where the living loath to be,
 Heaven hath design'd to thee.
 But if needs 'mongst us thou'lt rage,
 Let thy fury feed on age.

E g

wrinkled

Wrinkled browes, and withered thighs,
 May supply thy sacrifice.
 Yet perhaps as thou flew'st by,
 Aflamed dart shot from her eye,
 Sing'd thy wings with wanton fire,
 Whence th'art forc't to hover nigh her.
 If Love so mistooke his aim,
 Gently welcome in the flame:
 They who loath'd thee, when they see
 Where thou harbor'st will love thee.
 Onely I, such is my fate,
 Must thee as a rivall hate,
 Court her gently, learne to prove,
 Nimble in the thefts of love.
 Gaze on th' errors of her haire:
 Touch her lip; but oh beware,
 Lest too ravenous of thy blisse,
 Thou should'st it murder with a kisse.

TO CASTARA,
 inviting her to sleepe.

Sleepe my Castara, hence doth invite
 Thy eyes to close up day; though in yon night

Grieve

Grieves Fate should her the sight of them debarre,
 For she is exil'd, while they open are.
 Rest in thy peace secure. With drowdie charmes,
 Kinde sleepe bewitcheth thee into her armes;
 And finding where Loves chiefest treasure lies,
 Is like a theefe stole under thy bright eyes.
 Thy innocence rich as the gaudy quile (guilt
 Wrought by the Persian hand, thy dreames from
 Exempted, heaven with sweet repose doth crowne
 Each vertue softer then the Swans sam'd downe.
 As exorcists wilde spirits mildly lay,
 May sleepe thy fever calmly chase away.

Vpon CASTAR'S
 recoverie.

He is restor'd to life: Vnthrify Death;
 Thy mercy in permitting vitall breath
 Backe to *Castara*, hath end'ng'd us all,
 Whom griefe had martyr'd in her funera^l.
 While others in the ocean of thy teares,
 Had sinking, wounded the beholders eares

With



With exclamations: I without a grone,
 Had suddenly congeal'd into a stone:
 There stood a statue, till the generall doome;
 Had ruin'd time and memory with her tombe.
 While in my heart, which marble, yet still bled,
 Each lover might this Epitaph have read.
 Her earth lyes here below; her soul's above.
 "This wonder speakes her vertue, and my love.



To a Friend,

*Inviting him to a meeting upon
 promise.*

MAY you drinke beere, or that adul't rate wine
 Which makes the zeale of *Amsterdam* divine;
 If you make breach of promise. I have now
 So rich a sacke, that even your selfe will bow
 T'adore my *Gentle*. Of this wine should *Pryane*
 Drinke but a plenteous glasse, he would beginne
 A health to *Shakespeare's* ghost. But you may bring
 Some excuse forth, and answer me the King

To



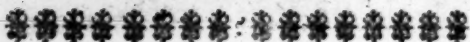
To day will give you audience, or that on
Affaires, of state, you and some serious Don
Are to resolve; or else perhaps you'll sin
So farre, as to leave word y^e are not within!

The least of these, will make me onely thinke
Him suble, who can in his closet drinke
Drunke even alone, and thus made wise create
As dangerous plots as the Low Country state,
Projecting for such baits, as shall draw ore
To *Holland*, all the hennings from our shore,

But y^e are too full of candor: and I know
Will sooner stones at *Salis'bury* casements throw,
Or buy up for the silenc'd Levits, all
The rich impropriations, then let pall
So sure Canary, and breake such an oath;
Since charity is sinn'd against in both.

Come therefore blest even, in the Lollards zeale,
Who can fit with conscience safe, 'fore hen and vesle
Say grace in Latine, while I faintly sing
A Penitentiall verse in oyle and Ling.
Come then, and bring with you prepar'd for fight,
Vn mixt Canary. Heaven send both prove right!
This I am sure, My sacke will disingage
All humane thoughts, inspire so high a rage,
That *Hypocrene* shall henceforth Poets lacke,
Since more Enthusiasmes are in my sacke.

Heigh



(86)

Heightned with which, my raptures shall commend,
How good *Castara* is, how deare my friend.



*TO CASTARA,
Where true happinesse abides.*

C*astara* whisper in some dead mans eare,
This subtile *quere*; and hee'll point out where,
By answers negative, true joyes abide.
Hee'll say they flow not, on th' uncertaine tides
Of greatnesse, they can no firme basis have,
Vpon the trepidation of a wave.
Nor lucke they in the caverns of the earth,
Whence all the wealthy minerals draw their birth,
To covetous man so fatall. Nor ith' grace
Love they to wanton of a brighter face,
For th' are above Times battery; and the light,
Of beaurty, ages cloud will soone be night,
If among these Content, he thus doth prove,
Hath no abode; where dwels it but in Love?



TO CASTARA.

FOIſake with me the earth, my faile,
 And travell nimbly through the aire,
 Till we have reacht th' admiring ſkies ;
 Then lend ſight to thoſe heavenly eyes
 Which blind themſelves, make creatures ſee.
 And taking view of all, when we
 Shall finde a pure and glorious ſphere ;
 Wee'le fix like ſtarrs for ever there.
 Nor will we ſtill each other view,
 Wee'le gaze on leſſer ſtars then you ;
 See how by their weake influence they
 The ſtrongeſt of mens actions ſway.
 In an inferiour orb below,
 Wee'le ſee *Calisto* looſely throw
 Her haire abroad : as ſhe did weare,
 The ſelfe ſame beauty in a Beare,
 As when ſhe a cold Virgin ſtood,
 And yet inflam'd *Joves* luſtfull blood.
 Then looke on *Lede*, whoſe faire beames
 By their reflection gild thoſe ſtreames,
 Where firſt unhappy ſhe began
 To play the wanton with a Swan.

If each of these loose beauties are
 Transform'd to a more beauteous starie
 By the adult'rous lust of love;
 Why should not we, by purer love?

TO CASTARA,
Upon the death of a Ladie.

CASTARA weepe not, though her tombe appears
 Sometime thy griefe to answer with a teare:
 The marble will but wanton with thy woe.
 Death is the Sea, and we like Rivers flow
 To lose our selves in the insatiate Main,
 Whence Rivers may, she ne're returne againe.
 Nor grieve this Chrystall streame so soone did fall
 Into the Ocean; since we perfum'd all
 The banks the past, so that each neighbour field
 Did sweet flowers cherish by her watering, yeeld.
 Which now adorne her Hearse. The violet there
 On her pale cheekes doth the sad livery weare,
 Which heavens compassion gave her: And since the
 Cause cloath'd in purple can no mourner be,

As

As incense to the tombe she gives her breath,
 And fading on her Lady waits in death:
 Such office the Ægyptian handmaids did
 Great *Cleopatra*, when she dying chid
 The Asps slow venome, trembling she should be
 By Fate rob'd even of that blacke victory.
 The flowers instruct our sorrowes. Come then all
 Ye beauties, to true beauties funerall,
 And with her to increase deaths pompe, decay.
 Since the supporting fabricke of your clay
 Is false, how can ye stand? How can the night
 Shew starrs, when Fate puts out the dayes great
 But 'mong the faire, if there live any yet, (light?)
 She's but the fairer *Digbies* counterfeit.
 Come you who speake your titles. Reade in this
 Pale booke, how vaine a boast your greatnesse is.
 What's honour but a hatchment? What is here
 Of *Percy* left, and *Stanly*, names most deare
 To vertue? But a crescent turn'd to th'wane,
 An Eagle groaning o're an infant flune?
 Or what availes her, that she once was led,
 A glorious bride to valiant *Digbies* bed,
 Since death hath them divorce'd? If then alive
 There are, who these sad obsequies survive
 And vaunt a proud descent, they onely be
 Loud heralds to set forth her pedigree.

Come

Come all who glory in your wealth, and view
 The embleme of your frailty. How untrue
 (Though flattering like friends) your treasures are,
 Her Fate hath taught you: who, when what ever
 The either Indies boast, lay richly spread (rare
 For her to weare, lay on her pillow dead.
 Come likewise my *Castara* and behold,
 What blessings ancient prophesie foretold,
 Bestow'd on her in death. She past away
 So sweetly from the world, as if her clay
 Laid onely downe to slumber. Then forbear
 To let on her blest ashes fall a teare.
 But if th' art too much woman softly weepe,
 Lest griefe disturbe the silence of her sleepe.

TO CASTARA
Being to take a journey.

What's death more than departure; the dead goe
 Like travelling exiles, compell'd to know
 Those regions they heard mention of. Tis th' art
 Of sorrowes, sayes, who dye doe but depart.

Tha

Then weepe thy funerall teares : which heaven e' a-
The beauteous tresses of the weeping morne, (dorne
Will rob me of : and thus my tombe shall be
As naked, as it had no obsequie.

Know in these lines, sad musicke to thy care,
My sad *Castara*, you the sermon here
Which I preach o're my hearse : And dead, I tell
My owne lives story, ring but my owne knell.

B When I shall retorne, know 'tis thy breath
In sighes divided, rescues me from death.

TO CASTARA

Weeping.

Castara! O you are too prodigall
Oth' treasure of your teares ; which thus let fall
Make no returne: Well plac'd calme peace might
To the loud wars, each free a captiv'd King. (bring
So the unskillfull Indian those bright gems,
Which might adde majestie to Diadems,
'Mong the waves scatters, as if he would store
The thanklesse Sea, to make our Empire poorer

When

When heaven darts thunder at the wombe of Time,
 Cause with each moment it brings forth a crime,
 Or else despairing to root out abuse,
 Would ruine vicious earth; be then profuse.

Light, chas'd rude chaos from the world before,
 Thy teares, by hindring it's returne, worke more,

TO CASTARA
Vpon a sigh.

I Heard a sigh, and something in my eare
 Did whisper, what my soule before did feare.
 That it was breath'd by thee. May th'easie Spring
 Enrich with odours, wanton on the wing
 Of th' Eastern wind, may ne're his beauty fade,
 If he the treasure of this breath convey'd;
 'Twas thine by th'musicke which th'harmonious
 Of Swans is like, prophetick in their death: (breath
 And th'odour, for as it the naid expires
 Perfuming Phoenix like his funerall fires.
 The winds of Paradiessend such a gale,
 To make the lovers vessels calmly saile

To

To his lov'd Port. This shall, where it inspires,
Increase the chaste, extinguish unchaste fires.

To the Right Honourable the Lady F.

Madam,

YOU saw our loves, & prais'd the mutuall flame;
In which as incense to your sacred name
Burnes a religious zeale. May we be lost
To one another, and our fire be frost;
When we omit to pay the tribute due
To worth and vertue, and in them to you;
Who are the soule of women. Others be
But beauteous parts oth' female body, she
Who boasts how many nimble *Cupids* skip
Through her bright face, is but an eye or lip:
The other who in her soft breasts can show
Warne Violets growing in a banks of snow,
And vaunts the lovely wonder, is but skin:
Nor is she but a hand, who holds within
The chrystall violl of her weath'ry palme,
The precious sweating of the Easterne balme.

And

And all these if you them together take,
 And joyne with art, will but one body make.
 To which the soule each vitall motion gives.
 You are infus'd into it, and it lives.
 But should you up to your blest mansion flie,
 How loath'd an object would the carkasse lie?
 You are all mind. *Castara* when she looks,
 On you the Epitome of all, that bookes
 Or e're tradition taught; who gives such praise
 Vnto your sex, that now euen customes sayes
 He hath a female soule, who ere hath writ
 Volumes which learning comprehend, and wit.
Castara cries to me; Search out and find
 The Mines of wisdom in her learned mind,
 And trace her steps to honour; I aspire
 Enough to worth, while I her worth admire.

TO CASTARA
Against opinion.

VVhy should we build, *Castara*, in the aire
 Of fraile opinion? Why admire as faire,

What

What the weakes faith of man gives us for right?
 The jugling world cheats but the weaker sight.
 What is in greatnesse happy? As free mirth,
 As amble pleasures of th' indulgent earth
 We joy who on the ground our mansion finde,
 As they, who saile like witches in the wind
 Of court applause. What can their powerfull spell
 Over enchanted man, more than compell
 Him into various formes? Nor serves their charme
 Themselves to good, but to worke others harme.
 Tyrant Opinion but depose: And we
 Will absolute ith' happiest Empire be.

TO CASTARA

Vpon Beautie:

Castara, see that dust, the sportive wind
 Sawantons with 'Tis happ'ly all you'le finde
 Left of some beauty: and how still it lies,
 To trouble, as it did in life, our eyes.
 O empty boast of flesh? Though our heires gild
 The farre fetch Phrigian marble, which shall build

A

A burthen to our ashes, yet will death
 Betray them to the sport of every breath.
 Dost thou, poore relique of our frailty, still
 Swell up with glory? Or is it thy skill,
 To mocke weake man, whom every wind of praise
 Into the aire, doth 'bove his center raise.
 If so, mocke on: And tell him that his lust
 To beauty's, madnesse. For it courts but dust.

*To CASTARA,
 Melancholy.*

WERE but that sigh a penitentiall breath
 That thou art mine: It would blow with it death
 T'inclose me in my marble. Where I'de be
 Slave to the tyrant wormes, to set thee free.
 What should we envie? Though with larger soile
 Some dance upon the Ocean; yet more fraile.
 And faithlesse is that wave, than where we glide,
 Blest in the safety of a private tide.
 We still have land in ken. And 'cause our boat
 Dares not affront the weather, wee'le ne're float

Farre

Farre from the shore, To daring them each cloud
Is big with thunder, every wind speaks loud.
And though wild rocks about the shore appeare
Yet vertue will finde room to anchor there.

A Dialogue betweene

ARAPHILL and CASTARA.

ARAPH. *C*astara you too fondly court
The silken peace with *W* we cover'd
Unquiet time may for his sport, (are)
Vp from its iron den rowle sleepe warre.

CAST. Then in the language of the drum
I will instruct my yet affrighted eare,
All woman shall in me be dumbe;
If I but with my *Araphill* be there.

ARAPH. If Fate, like an unfaithfull gale,
Which having vow'd to this ship a faire event,
Oth' sudden rends her hopefull fate;
Blow ruine, will *Castara* then repent?

F

CAST.

CAST. Love shall in that tempestuous showre
Her brightest blossom like the black-thorne show:
Weake friendship prospers by the powre
Of fortunes Sunne. I'le in her winter grow.

ARAPH. If on my skin the noysome skar
I should oth' leprosie, or canker weare;
Or if the sulph'rous breath of warre
Should blast my youth; Should I not be thy feare?

CAST. In flesh may sicknesse horror move,
But heavenly zeale will be by it refin'd,
For then wee'd like two Angels love,
Without a sense; and clip each others mind.

ARAPH. Were it not impious to repine;
Gainst rigid Fate I should direct my breath.
That two must be, whom heaven did joyne
In such a happy one, disjoyn'd by death.

CAST. That's no divorce. Then shall we see
The rites in life, were types oth' marriage state,
Our soules on earth contracted be;
But they in heaven their nuptials consummate.

To

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*To the Right Honourable, my very good
Lord, HENRY Lord M.*

My Lord.

MY thoughts are not so rugged, nor doth earth
So farre predominate in me, that mirth
Lookes not as lovely as when our delight
First fashion'd wings to adde a nimbler flight
To lazie time; who would, to have surviv'd
Our varied pleasures, there have ever fraid.
And they were harmelesse. For obedience
If frailty yeelds to the wilde lawes of sense;
We shall but with a sugred venome meet;
No pleasure, if not innocent as sweet.
And that's your choyce: who adde the title good
To that of noble. For although the bloud
Of *Marshall, Stanley, and La Pole* doth flow
With happy *Brandon's* in your veines; you owe
Your vertue not to them. Man builds alone
Oth' ground of honour: For desert's our owne;
Be that your aime. I'll with *Cassars* sit
Ith'shade, from heat of businesse. While my wit
Is neither big with an ambitious ayme,
To build tall Pyramids Ith' court of fame,

For after ages, or to win conceit
 Oth' presents, and grow by opinion great.
 Rich in our selves, we envie not the East,
 Her rocks of Diamonds, or her gold the West.
Arabia may be happy in the death
 Of her reviving *Phoenix*; In the breath
 Of coole *Favonius*, famous be the grove
 Of *Tempe*; while we in each others love.
 For that let us be fam'd. And when of all
 That Nature made us two, the funerall
 Leaves but a little dust; (which then as wed,
 Even after death, shall sleepe still in one bed.)
 The Bride and Bridegroom on the solemne day,
 Shall with warme zeale approach our Vrne, to pay
 Their vowes, that heaven should blisse so farre their
 To shew them the faire paths to our delights. (rites,

To a Tombe.

T Yrant o're tyrants, thou whoe onely dost
 Clip the lascivious beauty without lust;
 What horror at thy sight shoots through each sence;
 How powerfull is thy silent eloquence,

Which

:
(III)

Which never flatters? Thou instruct'st the proud,
That their swelling pompe is but an empty cloud,
Slave to each wind. The faire, those flowers they have
Fresh in their cheek, are strewd upon a grave.
Thou tell'st the rich, their Idoll is but earth.
The vainly pleas'd, that Syron-like their mirth
Betrayes to mischief, and that onely he
Dares welcome death, whose aimes at vertue be.
Which yet more zeale doth to *Castara* move.
What checks me, when the tombe perswades to

(love?)

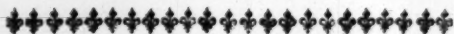
TO CASTARA,
Vpon thought of Age and Death.

THE breath of time shall blast the flowrie Spring,
Which so perfumes thy cheek, and with it bring
So darke a mist, as shall Eclipse the light
Of thy faire eyes, in an eternall night.
Some melancholly chamber of the earth
(For the like Time deuours whom she gave breath)
Thy beauties shall entombe, while all who're
Lov'd nobly, offer up their sorrowes there.



(102)

But I whose grieve no formall limits bound,
Beholding the darke caveerne of that ground,
Will there immure my selfe. And thus I shall
Thy mourner be, and my owne funerall.
Else by the weeping magicke of my verse,
Thou hadst reviv'd, to triumph o're thy hearse.



*To the Right Honorable, my very good
Lord, the Lord P.*

My Lord,

THe reverend man by magicke of his prayer
Hath charm'd so, that I and your daughter are
Contracted into one. The holy lights
Smil'd with a cheerefull lustre on our rites,
And every thing presag'd full happinell
To mutuall love; if you'le the omen blisse.
Nor grieve, my Lord, 'tis perfected. Before
Afflicted Seas sought refuge on the shore
From the angry Northwind, Ere th' astonisht Spring
Heard in the ayre the feather'd people sing,
Ere time had motion, or the Sunne obtain'd
His province o're the day, this was ordain'd.

Not



Nor thinke in her I courted wealth or blood,
 Or more uncertaine hopes: For had I stood
 On th' highest ground of fortune, the world known
 No greatnesse, but what waited on my throne;
 And she had onely had that face and mind,
 I, with my selfe, had th' earth to her resign'd.
 In Vertue there's an Empire. And so sweet
 The rule is when it doth with beauty meet,
 As fellow Confull; that of heaven they
 Nor earth partake; who would her disobey.
 This captiv'd me. And ere I question'd why
 I ought to love *Cassara*, through my eye,
 This soft obedience stole into my heart.
 Then found I love might lend to th' quick-ey'd art
 Of Reason yet a purer sight: For he
 Though blind, taught her these Indies first to see
 In whose possession I at length am blest:
 And with my selfe at quiet, here I rest,
 As all things to my powre subdu'd. To me
 There's nought beyond this. The whole world is she.

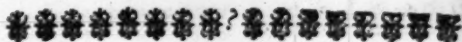
His Muse speakes to him.

THy vovves are heard, and thy *Castara's* name
 Is writ as faireth' Regaller of Fame,
 As th' ancient beauties which translated are
 By Poets up to heaven; each here a starre,
 And though Imperiall *Tiber* boast alone
Ovid is Corinna, and to *Aras* knowne
 But *Petrarchs Laura*; while our famous *Thames*
 Doth murmur *sy theyes stella* to her streames.
 Yet hast thou *Severne* left, and she can bring
 As many quires of Swans, as they to sing.
 Thy glory as I live: Which living shall by thee
 The onely Sov'raine of those waters be.
 Dead in loves fumesment, no starre shall shine
 So nobly faire, so purely chaste as thine.

To Vaine hope.

THu dreame of midmen, ever changing gale,
 Shall with thy want in breath the gaudy saile

Of



Of glorious fooles. Thoughd' it them who thee court
 To rocks, to quick-sands, or some faithlesse port.
 Were I not mad, who when secure at ease,
 I might ith' Cabbin passe the raging Seas;
 Would like a franticke ship-boy wildly haste,
 To climbe the 'giddy top of th' unsafe mast?
 Ambition never to her hopes did faine
 A greatnesse, but I really obtaine
 In my *Castara*. Wer't not fondnesse then
 To clip the shadowes of true blisse? And when
 My Paradise all floures and fruits doth breed;
 To rob a barren garden, for a weed?

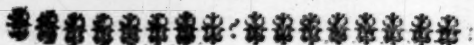


To CASTARA,

*How happy, though in an obscure
 fortune.*

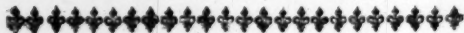
WERE we by fate throwne downe below our feare;
 Could we be poore? Or question Heavens care
 In our provision? She who doth afford
 A feather'd garment, fit for every bird,





And onely voice enough t' expresse delight.
 She who apparels Lillies in their white,
 As if in that she'de teach man's duller sence,
 Wh' are highest, should be so in innocence.
 She who in damaske doth attire the Rose,
 (And man t' himselte a mockery to propose,
 'Mong whom the humblest Iudges grow to sit)
 She who in purple cloaths the Violet.

If thus she cares for things even voyd of sence;
 Shall we suspect in us her providence?



TO CASTARA.

WHAT can the freedome of our love enthrall?
Castara were we dispossett of all
 The gifts of fortune; richer yet then she
 Can make her slaves, wee'd in each other be.
 Love in himselte's a world. If we should have
 A mansion but in some forsaken cave;
 Wee'd smooth misfortune: and our selves thinke
 Retir'd like Princes from the noise of men, (then
 To breath a while unflatter'd, Each wilde beast,
 That should the silence of our cell infest,

With



With clamor, seeking prey; Wee'd fancie weare
Nought but an avaritious Courtier.

Wealth's but opinion. Who thinks others more
Of treasures have, then we; his onely poore.

On the death of the Right honorable,
GEORGE Earle of S.

BRight Saint, thy pardon, if my sadder verse,
Appeare in fighting o're thy glorious hearse,
To envie heaven. For fame it selfe now weares
Griefes livery, and onely speake in teares,
And pardon you *Cassars*, if a while
Your memory I banish from my stile;
When I have payd his death the tribute due,
Of sorrow, I'll returne to Love and you.
Is there a name like *Talbot*, which a showre
Can force from every eye? And hath even powre
To alter natures course? How else should all
Runne wilde with mourning, and distracted fall?
Th' illiterate vulgar in a well tun'd breath,
Lament their losse, and learnedly chide death,

For his bold rape, while the sad Poets song
 Is yet unheard, as if griefe had no tongue.
 Th' amaz'd mariner having lost his way
 In the tempestuous desert of the Seas,
 Looks up but finds no starrs. They all conspire
 To da ke themselves, & enlighten this new hie.
 The learn'd Astronomer with daring eye, (sic,
 Searching to tracke the Spheares through which you
 (Most beauteous foule) doth in his journey faile,
 And blushing, C yes, the sublest art is fraude,
 And but truch counterfet. Your flight doth teach,
 Faire Vertue hath an Obe beyond his reach.

But I grow dull with sorrow. Vnkinde Fate
 To play the tyrant and subvert the stee
 Offended goodnesse. Who shall henceforth stand
 A pure example to enforme the land
 O her loose riot? Who shall counter-checke
 The winton pride of greatnesse; and direct
 Strid honour in the true magnificke way?
 Whose life shall shew what triumph 'tis to obey
 The hard commands of reason? And how sweet
 The nuptials are, when wealth and learning meet?
 Who will with silent piety confute
 A thesticke Sophistry, and by the fruit
 Approve Religions tree? Who'le teach his blood
 A Virgin law, and dare be great and good?

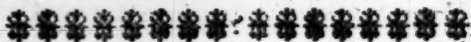
Who



Who will despise his stiles? And nobly weigh
In judgement's ballance, that his honour'd day
Hath no advantage by them? Who will live
So innocently pious, as to give
The world no scandall? Who'll himse lfe deny,
And to warme passion a cold martyr dye?
My griefe distacts me. If my zeale hath said,
What checks the living; know I serve the dead.
The dead, who needs no monumentall vaults,
With his pale ashes to intombe his faults.
Whose finnes beget no libels, whom the poore
For benefite, for worth, the rich adore.
Who liv'd a solitary Phoenix, free
From the commerce with mischief, joy'd to be
Still gazing heaven-ward, where his thought did
Fed with the sacred fire of zealous love. (move,
Alone he flourishte, till the fatall houre
Did summon him, when gathering from each flowre
Their vertuous odours, from his perfum'd nest,
He tooke his flight to everlasting rest.

There shine great Lord, and with propitious eyes,
Looke downe, and smile upon this sacrifice.





To my worthy Cousin Mr. E. C.

*In praise of the City Life, in the long
Vacation.*

I Like the Greene plash & your meadowes weare
I praise your pregnant fields, which duly beare
Their wealthy burden to th' industrious Bere.
Nor doe I disallow that who are poore
In mind and fortune, thither should retire
But hate that he who's warme with holy fire
Of any knowledge, and 'mong us my feast
On Nectar'd wit, should turne himsele to a beast,
And graze it h' Country. Why did nature wrong
So much her paines, as to give you a tongue
And fluent language; If converse you hold
With Oxen in the stall, and sheepe it h' fold.
But now it's long Vacation you will say
The towne is empty, and who ever may
To th' pleasure of his Countrey home repaire,
Flies from th' infection of our London aire.
In this your error. Now's the time alone
To live here; when the City Dame is gone,
To her house at *Brandford*; for beyond that she
Imagines there's no land, but *Barbary*,

Where





(III)

Where lies her husbands Factor. When from hence
Rid is the Countrey Iustice whose non-sence
Corrupted had the language of the Inne,
Where he and his house litter'd. We beginne
To live in silence, when the noise oth' Bench
Not defends *Westminster*, nor corrupt French
Walkes *Fleet-street* in her gowne. Ruffes off the
By the Vacations powre translated are, (Barre,
To Cut-worke bands. And who were busie here,
Are gone to sow sedition in the shire.
The ayre by this is purg'd, and the *Termes* strife,
Thus fled the City: we the civill life
Lead happily. When in the gentle way,
Of noble mirth, I have the long liv'd day,
Contracted to a moment: I retire
To my *Cassara*, and meet such a fire
Of mutuall love: That if the City were
Infect'd, that would purifie the ayre,

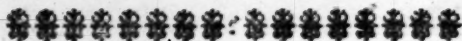


*Loves Anniversary
To the Sunne.*

THou art return'd (great Light) to that blest hour
In which I first by marriage sacred power,

Joyn'd





Ioyn'd with *Castara* hearts : And as the same
 Thy lustre is, as then, so is our flame :
 Which had increast, but that by loves decree,
 'Twas such at first, it ne'e could greater be.
 But tell me (glorious Lampe) in thy survey
 Of things below thee, what did not decay
 By age to weaknesse ? I since, that have seene
 The Rose bud forth and fade, the tree grow Greene
 And wither, and the beauty of the field
 With Winter winckled. Even thy selfe dost yeeld
 Something to time, and to thy grave fall nigher.
 But vertuous love is one sweet candle to fire.



*Against them who lay unchastity to
 the sex of Women.*

They meet but with unwholesome Springs,
 And Summers which infectious are :
 They heare but when the Mermaid sings,
 And onely see the falling starre :
 Who ever dare,
 Affirme no woman chaste and faire.

Go





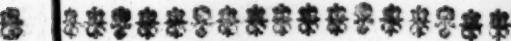
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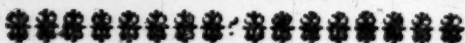
Goe cure your feavers : and you'le say
The Dog-dayes scorch not all the yeare :
In Copper Mines no longer stay,
But travell to the West, and there
The right ones see.
And grant all gold's not Alchimie.

What mad man 'cause the glow-wormes flame
Is cold, sweares there's no warmth in fire?
'Cause some make feast of their name,
And slave themselves to mans desire;
Shall the sex free
From guilt, damn'd to the bondage be?

Not grieve *Caßars*, though 'twere fraile,
Thy Vertue then would brighter shine,
When thy example should prevaile,
And every womans faith be thine.
And were there none,
'Tis Majesty to rule alone.

To





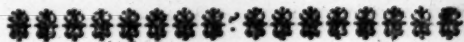
*To the Right Honourable and excellently
learned, WILLIAM Earle of St.*

My Lord,

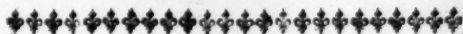
THe Laurell doth your reverend temples wreath
As aptly now, as when your youth did breath
Those tragick raptures which your name shall save
From the blacke edict of a tyrant grave.
Nor shall your Day ereset, till the Sunne shall
From the blind heavens like a cynder fall;
And all the elements intend their strife,
To ruine what they fram'd; Then your fames life,
When desp'rate Time lies gasping, shall expire
Attended by the worldith generall fire.
Fame lengthens thus her selfe. And I to tread
Your steps to glory, search among the dead,
Where Vertue lies obscur'd; that as I give
Life to her tombe, I spight of time may live.
Now I resolve in triumph of my verse,
To bring great *Talbot* from that forren hearse,
Which yet doth to her fright his dust enclose:
Then to sing *Herbert* who so glorious rose,
With the fourth *Edward*, that his faith doth shine
Yet in the faith of noblest *Pembrookes* line.

Som-





Sometimes my swelling spirits I prepare
 To speake the mighty *Percy*, nextest heire,
 In merits, as in blood, to *CHARLES* the Great:
 Then *Darbies* worth and greatnesse to repeat:
 Or *Merlezes* honour, or *Mounteagles* fame,
 Whose valour lives eterniz'd in his name.
 But while I thinke to sing those of my blood,
 And my *Castara's*; Loves unruly flood
 Breaks in, and beares away what ever stands,
 Built by my busie fancy on the sands.



TO CASTARA,
Vpon an embrace.

BOut th' Husband Oke, the Vine
 Thus wreaths to kisse his leavie face:
 Their streames thus Rivers joynes,
 And lose themselves in the embrace.
 But Trees want fence when they infold,
 Wnd Waters when they meet, are cold.

Thus Turtles bill, and grone
 Their loves into each others eare:

Two





Two flames thus burne in one,
 When their carl'd heads to heaven they reare.
 But Birds want soule though not de fire :
 And flames materiall soone expire.

If not prophane, we'll say
 When Angels close, their joyes are such.
 For we no love obey
 That's basturd to a fleshy touch.
 Let's close *Capara* then, since thus
 We patterne Angels, and they us.



To the Honourable, G. T.

Let not thy grones force *Eccho* from her cave,
 Or interrupt her weeping o're that wave,
 Which last *Narcissus* kist; let no darke grove
 Be taught to whisper stories of thy love.
 What though the wind be turn'd? Canst thou not
 By vertue of a cleane contrary gale, (saile)
 Into some other Port? Where thou wilt find,
 It was thy better *Genius* chang'd the wind,

To



To steere thee to some Iland in the West,
 For wealth and pleasure, that transcends thy East.
 Though *Aferodora*, like a fullen starre
 Eclipse her selfe. Ith' sky of beauty are
 Ten thousand other fires, some bright as she.
 And who with milder beames, may shine on thee;
 Nor yet doth this Eclipse beare a portent,
 That should affright the world: The firmament
 Enjoys the light it did, a Sunne as cleare,
 And the young Spring doth like a Bride appeare,
 As firely wed to the *Thessalian* grove
 As e're it was; though she and you not love.
 And we two, who like two bright stars have shin'd
 Ith' heaven of friendship, are as firmly joyn'd
 As bloud and love first fram'd us. And to be
 Lov'd, and thought worthy to be lov'd by thee,
 Is to be glorious. Since fame cannot lend
 An honour, equals that of *Talbert's* friend.
 Nor envie me that my *Castara's* flame
 Yields me a constant warmth: Though first I came
 To marriage happy Ilands: Seas to thee
 Will yeeld as smooth a way, and winds as free.
 Which shall conduct thee (if hope may divine;))
 To this delicious port: and make love thine.

To

*TO CASTARA,
The reward of Innocent Love.*

VVE saw and woo'd each others eyes,
My soule contracted then with thine,
And both burnt in one sacrifice.
By which our Mariage grew divine.

Let wilder youth, whose soule is sense,
Profane the Temple of delight.
And purchase endlesse penitence,
With the stolne pleasure of one night.

Time's ever ours, while we dispise
The sensuall idoll of our clay.
For though the Sunne doe set and rise,
We joy one ever lasting day.

Whose light no jealous clouds obscure
While each of us shine innocent.
The troubled fire, we is still impure,
With verue flies away content.

And though opinion often erre,
Wee'le court the modest smile of fame.
For sinnes blacke danger circles her,
Whom hath infection in her name.

Thus

To his Muse.

HERE Virgin fix thy pillars, and command
They sacred may to after ages stand
In witness of loves triumph. Yet will wee
Castars finde new worlds in Poetry,
And conquer them. Not dully following those
Tame lovers who dare cloath their thoughts in
But we will henceforth more religious prove (prose.
Concealing the high mysteries of love
From the prophane. Harmonious like the spheres,
Our soules shall move, not reacht by humane eares.
That Musicke to the Angels, this to fame,
I here commit. That when their holy flame,
True lovers to pure beauties would rehearse,
They may invoke the *Genius* of my verse.

To Sir James P.

Sir,

THough my deare *Talboys* Fate exact, a sad
And heavy browe; my verse shall not be clad
For him this houre in mourning: I will write
To you the glory of a Pompons night,
Which none (except sobriety) who wit
Of cloaths could boast, but freely did admit.
I (who still sinne for company) was there
And tasted of the glorious supper, where
Meat was the least of wonder. Though the nest
Oth' *Phoenix* rissd seemd to amaze the feast,
And th' Ocean left so poore that it alone
Could since vant wretched herring and poore John.
Laculus surfets, were but types of this,
And what soever riot mention'd is
In story, did but the dull *Zany* play,
To this proud night; which rather wee'le terme day.
For th' artificiall lights so thick were set,
That the bright Sun seem'd this to counterfeit
But seven (whom whether wee should Sages call
Or deadly finnes, Ile not dispute) were all

Thus when to one darke silent roome,
 Death shall our loving coffins thrust;
 Fame will build columnes on our tombe,
 And addo a perfume to our dust.

*To my noblest Friend, Sir I. P.
 Knight.*

Sir,

THough my deare Talbets Fate exact, a sad
 And heavy browe; my verse shall not be clad
 For him this houre in mourning: I will write
 To you the glory of a pompous night,
 Which none (except sobriety) who wit
 Or cloaths could boast, but freely did admit.
 I (who still sinne for company) was there
 And tasted of the glorious supper, where
 Meat was the least of wonder. Though the next
 Oth' Phenix risted seemd to amaze the feast,
 And th' Ocean left so poore thae it alone
 Could since vant wretched herring and poore Ionis

C

Lucullan

Luxurie surfeits, were but types of this,
 And whatsoever riot mention'd is
 In story, did but the dull *Zany* play,
 To this proud night; which rather wee'll terme day.
 For th' artificiall lights so thick were set,
 That the bright Sun seem'd this to counterfeit
 But seven (whom whether wee should Sages call
 Or deadly sinnes, Ile not dispute) were all.
 Invited to this pompe. And yet I dare
 Praise my lov'd Muse, th' *Hungarian* did prepare
 Not halfe that quantity of victuall, when
 He layd his happy siege to *Nortlinghen*.
 The mist of the perfumes was breath'd so thicke
 That *Linx* himselfe though his sight sam'd so quick,
 Had there scarce spied one sober: For the wealth
 Of the *Canaries* was exhaust, the heath
 Of his good Majestie to celebrate,
 Who'le judge them loyall subjects without that:
 Yet they, who some fond privilege to maintaine,
 Would have rebeld; their best freehold, their brains
 Surrender'd there; and five fiftenees did pay
 To drinke his happy life and raigne. O day
 It was thy piety to flye; th' hadst beene
 Found necessary else to this fond sinne.
 But I forget to speake each stratagem
 By which the diseases enter'd, and in them

By

Each luscious miracle, As if more booke
 Had written beene o'th' myſtery of Cooks
 Then the Philoſ'phers ſtone, here we did ſee
 All wonders in the kitchen Alchimy.
 But Ile not leave you there, before you part
 You ſhall have ſomething of another art.
 A banquet raining downe ſo faſt, the good
 Old Patriarch would have thought a generall flood.
 Heaven open'd and from thence a mighty ſhowre
 Of Amber comits it ſweet ſelfe did powre
 Vpon our heads, and Suckets from our eye
 Like thickend clouds did ſcale away the ſkie
 That it was queſtion'd whether heaven were
Black-fryers, and each ſtarre a confectioner.
 But I to long detayne you at a feaſt
 You hap'ly ſurfet of; now every gueſt
 Is reeld downe to his coach; I licence crave
 Sir, but to kiſſe your hands, and take my leave.

*To the Right Honourable Archibald
 Earle of Ar.*

If your example be obey'd
 The ſerious few will live ith' ſilent ſhade:

And not indanger by the wind
 Or Sunshine the complexion of theyr mind
 Whose beauty weares so cleare a skin
 That it decayes with the least taint of sin.
 Vice growes by custome, nor dare wee
 Reject it as a slave, where it breaths free,
 And is no priviledge denyed;
 Nor if advane'd to higher place envyed.
 Wherefore your Lordship in your selfe
 (Not lancht farre in the maine, nor nigh the selfe
 Of humbler fortune) lives at ease,
 Safe from the rocks oth' shore, and stormes oth' Seas.
 Your soule's a well-built City, where
 There's such munition, that no war breeds feare:
 No rebels wilde distractions move;
 For you the heads have sprung; Rage, Envie, Love.
 And therefore you defiance bid
 To open enmity, or mischief had
 In fawning hate and supple pride,
 Who are on every corner fortified.
 Your youth not rudely led by rage
 Of blood, is now the story of your age
 Which without boast you may now averre
 'Fore blacked danger, glory did prefer:
 Glory not purchast by the breath
 Of Sycophants, but by encountering death.

Yet

Yet wildnesse nor the feare of lawes
Did make you fight, but justice of the cause.

For but mad prodigals they are
Of fortitude, who for it selfe love warre.

When well made peace had clos'd the eyes
Of discord, sloath did not your youth surprize.

Your life, as well as powre, did ave
The bad, and to the good was the best lawe

When most men vertue did pursue
In hope by it to grow in fame like you.

Nor when you did to court repayre,
Did you your manners alter with the ayre.

You did your modesty retayne
Your faithfull dealing, the same tongue and braine.

Nor did all the soft flatt'ry there
Inchant you so, but still you truth could heare.

And though your roofes were richly gail;
The basis was on no wards ruine built.

Nor were your vassals made a prey,
And forc't to curse the Coronation day.

And though no bravery was knowne
To out-shine yours, you onely spent your owne.

For 'twas the indulgence of fate,
To give y' a moderate mind, and bounteous state.

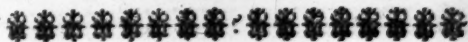
But I, my Lord, who have no friend
Of fortune, must begin where you doe end.



'Tis dang'rous to approach the fire
 Of action; nor is't safe, farre to retire.
 Yet better loſt iſh' multitude
 Of private men, than on the ſtate t'intrude.
 And hazard for a doubtfull ſmile,
 My ſtock of fame and inward peace to ſpoyle.
 Ile therefore nigh ſome murm'ring brooke
 That wantons through my meadowes, with a booke
 With my *Caſſars*, or ſome friend,
 My youth not guilty of ambition ſpend;
 To my owne ſhade (if fate permit)
 Ile whiſper ſome ſoft muſique of my wit,
 And flatter ſo my ſelfe, Ile ſee
 By that, ſtrange motion ſcale into the tree.
 But ſtill my firſt and chiefeſt care
 Shall be t' appeaſe offended heaven with prayer;
 And in ſuch mold my thoughts to caſt,
 That each day ſhall be ſpent as 'twere my laſt.
 Howe'er its ſweet luſt to obey;
 Vertue though rugged, is the ſafeſt way.

An





(127)

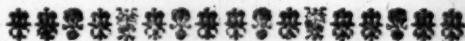
An Elegy upon

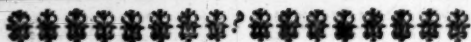
*The Honourable Henry Cambell
sonne to the Earle of Arg.*

ITs false Arithmaticke to say thy breath
Expir'd to soone, or irreligious death
Prophan'd thy holy youth. For if thy yeares
Be number'd by thy vertues or our teares,
Thou didst the old *Methusalem* out-live.
Though Time, but twenty yeares account can give
Of thy abode on earth, yet every^houre
Of thy brave youth by vertues wondrous powre
Was lengthen'd to a yeare. Each well-spent day
Keepes young the body, but the soule makes gray.
Such miracles workes Goodnesse: And behind
Th' ast left to us such stories of thy mind
Fit for example; that when them we read,
We envie Earth the treasure of the dead.
Why doe the sinfull riot and survive
The feavers of theyr surfets? Why alive
Is yet disorder'd greatnesse, and all they
Who the loose laves of their wilde blond obey?
Why lives the gamester, who doth black the night
With cheats and imprecations? Why is light

G 4

Looked





(128)

Looked on by those whose breath may poyson it :
Who sold the viger of theyr strength and wit
To buy diseases : and thou, whose faire truth
And vertue didst adore, lost in thy youth ?

But Ile not question fate. Heav'n dorth conveigh
These first from the darke prison of theyr clay
Who are most fit for heaven. Thou in war
Hadst tane degrees those dangers felt, which are
The props on which Peace safely dorth sub sist
And through the cannons blew and horrid mist
Hadst brought her light: And now wert so compleas
That naught but death did want to make thee great.

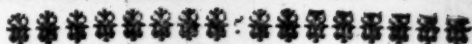
Thy death was timely then 'bright soule to thee,
And in thy fate thou suffer' d'st not. 'Twas wee
Who dyed robd of thy life : in whose increase
Of reall glory dorth in warre and peace
Wee all did share : and thou away we feare
Didst with thee, the whole stocks of honour beare.

Each then be his owne mourner. Wee'le to thee
Write hymnes, upon the world an Elegie.

3

To





TO CASTARA.

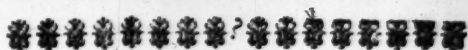
VHy should we feare to melt away in death,
 May we but dye together when beneath
 In a coole vault we sleepe, the World will prove
 Religious, and call it the shine of Love.
 There, when oth' Wedding eve some beautilous maid
 Suspicious of the faith of man, hath payd
 The tribute of her vowes; oth' fadden shee
 Two violets sprouting from the tombe will see
 And cry out, yee sweet emblems of theyr zeale
 Who live below, sprang yee up to reveale
 The story of our future joyes, how we
 The faithfull patterns of theyr love shall be.

If not; hang downe your heads oppress'd with dety
 And I will weepe and wither hence with you.



TO CASTARA,
*Of what we were before our
creation.*

VWhen Pelion wondring saw, that raine which
fell
But now from angry Heaven, to Heaven ward
swell :
When th' Indian Ocean did the wanton play,
Mingling his billowes with the Black sea :
And the whole earth was water : O where then
Were we *Castors* ? In the fate of men
Lost underneath the waves ? Or to beguile
Heaven's justice, lull'd wee in *Noah's* floating Isle ?
Wee had no *Lang* then. This fleshly frame
Had to a soule, long after, hither came
A stranger to it selfe. These months that were
But the last age, no nerves of us did heare.
What pompe is then in us ? Who th' other day
Were nothing, and in triumph now, but clay.

*To the Moment last past.*

O Whither dost thou flye ? Cannot my vow
 Intreat thee tarry ? Thou wert here but now,
 And thou art gone: like ships which plough the Sea,
 And leave no print for man to track theyr way.
 O unseene wealth ! who thee did husband, can
 Out-vie the jewels of the Ocean,
 The mines of th' earth ! One sigh well spent in thee
 Had beene a purchase for eternitie !
 Wee will not loose thee then. *Castara* where
 Shall wee find out his hidden sepulcher ;
 And wee'le revive him. Not the cruell stealth
 Of fate shall rob us, of so great a wealth,
 Vndone in thrift ! While wee besought his stay,
 Ten of his fellow moments fled away.



To CASTARA,
of the knowledge of Love.

WHere sleeps the North-wind when the South
 Liffen y spring, & gathers into quires (inspires

The



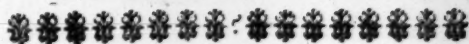
The scatter'd Nightingales ; whose subtle eares
 Heard first th' harmonious language of the Sphaeres ;
 Whence hath the stone Magneticke force t' allure
 Th' enamour'd iron ; From a seed impure
 Or naturall did first the Mandrare growe ;
 What powre ith' Ocean makes her ebbe and flow ;
 What strange materials is the azure skye
 Compacted of ; of what her brightest eye
 The ever-flaming Sunne ; What people are
 In th' unknowne World ; What worlds in every itur ;
 Let curious fancies at theyr secrets rove ;
Casara what we know, wee'le practise, Love.

*To the Right Honorable, my very good
 Lady, the Countesse of C.*

Madam,

Should the cold *Muscovit* whose furre and stowe
 Can scarce prepare him heat enough for love,
 But view the wonder of your presence, be
 Would scorne his winters sharpest injuries
 And trace the naked groves, till he found bayse
 To write the beaunious triumphs of your prayse.

As



As a dull Poet even he would say
Th' unclouded Sun had never shovne them day,
Till that bright minute; that he now admires
No more why the coy Spring so soone retires
From theyr unhappy clyme; It doth pursue
The Sun, and he derives his light from you.
Hee'd tell you how the fetter'd Baltick Sea
Is set at freedome while the yee away
Doth melt at your approach, how by so faire
Harmonious beauty, theyr rude manners are
Reduc'd to order, how to them you bring
The wealthiest mines belowe, above the Spring.
Thus would his wonder speak. For he would want
Religion to believe, there were a Saint
Within, and all he saw was but the shrine.
But I here pay my vovves to thee devine
Pure essence there inclos'd, which if it were
Not hid in a faire cloude, but might appeare
In its full lustre, would make, Nature live
In a state equall to her primitive.
But sweetly thats obscur'd. Yet though our eye
Can not the splendor of your soule descry
In true perfection, by a glimmering light,
Your language yeilds us we can guesse how bright
The Sun within you shines, and curse th' unkind
Eclipse, or else our selves for being blind.

How



How hastily doth Nature build up man
 To leave him so imperfect? For he can
 See nought beyond his sence, she doth controule
 So farre his sight he nere discern'd a soule.
 For had yours beene the object of his eyes;
 It had turn'd wonder, to Idolatry.

The harmony of Love.

Amphion, o thou holy shade,
 Bring *Orpheus* up with thee:
 That wonder may you both invade,
 Hearing Loves harmony.
 You who are soule, not rudely made
 Vp, with Materiall cares,
 Are fit to reach the musique of these spheares.

Hark! when *Cassiope's* orbs doe move
 By my first moving eyes,
 How great the Symphony of Love.
 But 'tis the destinies
 Will not so farre my prayer approve,

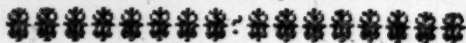
To bring you hither, here
Left you might heaven, for Elzium there.

Tis no dull Sublunary flame
Burnes in her heart and mine.
But something more, then hath a name.
So subtle and divine,
Wee know not why, nor how it came.
Which shall shine bright, till she
And the whole world of love, expire with me.

*To my honoured friend
sir Ed. P. Knight.*

YOU'd leave the silence in which safe we are,
To listen to the noyse of warre;
And walke those rugged paths, the factions
Who by the number of the dead (tread,
Reckon their glories, and thinke greatnesse flood
Vnsafe, till it was built on blood.
Secure ith' wall our Seas and ships provide
(Abhorring Ware so barb'rous pride

And



And honour bought with slaughter) in content
Let's breath though humble, innocent,
Folly and madnesse! Since 'tis odds wee nere
See the fresh youth of the next yeare.
Perhaps nor the chaste Morne, her selfe disclose
Again, e' our blush th' xmalous rose,
Why doth ambition so the mind distresse
To make us scorne what we possesse?
And looke so farre before us? Since all we
Can hope, is varied misery?
Goe find some whispering shade neere *Arne* or *Poe*
And gently 'mong their violets throw
Your wearied limbs, and see if all those faire
Enchantments can charme griefe or care?
Our sorrowes still pursue us, and when you
The ruin'd Capitoll shall view
And statues, a disorder'd heape, you can
Not cure yet the disease of man,
And banish your owne thoughts. Goe travaile where
Another Sun and Starres appeare
And land not coucht by any covetous fleet,
And yet even there your selfe you'le meet.
Stay here then, and while curious exiles find
New soyes for a fantastique mind,
Enjoy at home what's reall heere the Spring
By her aëriall quires doth sing

A.



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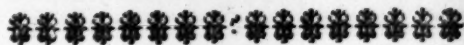


GIVE

Which
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To vi
Give n

Take





(137)

As sweetly to you, as if you were layd
 Vnder the learn'd *Theſſalian* ſhade,
 Direct your eye-sight inward, and you'll finde
 A thousand regions in your mind
 Yet undiscover'd. Travell them, and be
 Expert in home Cosmographie.
 This you may doe safe both from rocke and shelve;
 Man's a whole World within him selfe.



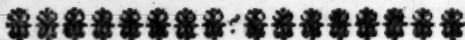
TO CASTARA,

GIVE me a heart where no impure
 Disorder'd passions rage,
 Which jealousie doth not obscure
 Nor vanity t'expence engage,
 Not wooed to madness by queint oaths
 Or the fine Rhetoricke of cloaths,
 Which nor the softnesse of the age
 To vice or folly doth decline,
 Give me that heart (*Castara*) for 'tis thine.

Take thou a heart where no new look
 Provokes new appetite.

With

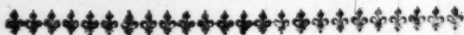




(138)

With no fresh charme of beaury tooke,
Or wanton stratagem of wit.
Not Idly wandring here and there
Led by an am'rous eye or eare,
Ayming each beauctious marke to hit;
Which vertue doth to one confine
Take thou that heart, *Castara*, for 'tis mine.

And now my heart is lodg'd with thee,
Observe *but* how it still
Doth listen how thine doth with me;
And guard it well, for else it will
Runne hisher backe, not to be where
I am, but 'cause thy heart is here.
But without discipline, or skill
Our hearts shall freely 'twene us move,
Should thou or I want hearts, wee'd breath by love.

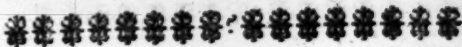


*To CASTARA,
Of true delight.*

VVhy doth the eare so tempt the voyce,
That cunningly devides the ayre?

Why





(139)

Why doth the pallat buy the choyce
Delights oth' fea, & enrich her fare?

As soone as I, my eare obey
The Echo's lost even with the breath.
And when the sewer takes away
I'me left with no more taste, then death.

Be curious in pursuite of eyes
To procreate new loves with thine
Satiety makes sence despise
What superstition thought devine.

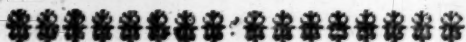
Quicke fancy, how it mocks delight!
As we conceive, things are not such,
The glow-worme is as warme as bright,
Till the deceitfull flame wee touch.

When I have sold my heart to lust
And bought repentance with a kisse
I find the malice of my dust,
That sold me hell contain'd a blisse.

The Rose yeelds her sweet blandishment
Lost in the fold of lovers wreathes,

The





(140)

The violet enchants the sense
When early in the Spring she breathes,

But winter comes and makes each flowre
Shinke from the pill where it growes,
Or an intruding cold hath powre
To scorne the perfume of the rose.

Our senses like false glasses show
Smooth beauty where browes wrinckled are,
And makes the easen'd fancy glowe.
Chast vertue's onely chaste and faire.



*To my Noblest Friend, I. C.
Esquire.*

Sir.

I Hate the Countries dirt and manners, yet
I love the silence; I embrace the wit
And courtship flowing here in a full tide,
But loath the expence the vanity of pride.
No place each way is happy. Heere I hold
Commerce with some, who to my care unfold

(After



(After a due oath ministred) the height
 And greatnesse of each star shines in the state.
 The brightnesse the eclipse, the influence,
 With others I commaune, who tell me whence
 The torrent doth of forraigne discord flow.
 Relate each skirmish battaile overthrow.
 Soone as they happen, and by rote can tell
 Those *German* townes, even puzzle-me to spell.
 The crosse or prosperous fate of Princes, they
 As to rashnesse cunning or delay
 And on each action comment, with more skill
 Then upon *Livy*, did old *Machavill*.
 O busie folly ! Why doe I my braine
 Perplex with the dull pollicies of *spaine*,
 Or quicke designs of *France* ? Why not repaire
 To the pure innocence oth' country ayre :
 And neighbor thee, deare friend ? Who so dost give
 Thy thoughts to worth and vertue, that to live
 Blest, is to trace thy wayes. There might not wee
 Arme against passion with Philosophie ;
 And by the syde of leisure so controule
 What-ere is earth in us to growe all soule ?
 Knowledge doth ignorance ingender, when
 Wee study miseries of other men
 And forraigne plots. Doe but in thy owne shade
 (This head upon some flowrie pillow layde,

Kind

Kind Natures huswifery) contemplate all
 His stratagems, who labors to inthrall.
 The world to his great Master, and youle find
 Ambition mocks at selfe, and grasps the wind
 Not conquest makes us great. Blood is to deare
 A price for glory. Honor doth appeare
 To statemen like a vision in the night,
 And jugler-like workes oth' deluded sight.
 Th' unbusied onely wise. For no respect
 Indangers them to error. They affect
 Truth in her naked beauty, and behold
 Man with an equal eye, not bright in gold
 Or tall in title; so much him they weigh
 As Vertue miseth him above his clay.
 Thus let us value things. And since we find
 Time bends us toward death, lets in our mind
 Create new youth; and arme' against the rude
 Assaults of age; that no dull solitude
 Oth' country dead are thoughts, nor busie care
 Oth' towne make us not thinke, where now we are
 And whether we are bound. Time nere forgot
 His journey, though his steps we numbred nor.

TO CASTARA.

*What Lovers will say when she and he
are dead.*

I Wonder when w're dead, what men will say;
Will not poore Orphan Lovers weepe.
The parents of theyr Loves decay;
And envy death the treasure of our sleepe?

Will not each trembling Virgin bring her feares
To th' holy silence of my Vrne?
And chide the Marble with her reares,
'Cause she so soone faith's obsequie must mourne.

For had Fate spar'd but *Araphill* (she'le say
He had the great example stood,
And forc't unconstant man obey
The law of Loves-Religion, not of blood.

And

And youth by female perjury betrayd,
 Will to *Castara's* shrine deplore
 His injuries, and death obrayd,
 That woman lives more guilty, than before.

For while thy breathing purified the ayre
 Thy Sex (hee'le say) did onely move
 By the chaste influence of a faire,
 Whose vertue shin'd in the bright orbe of love.

Now woman like a meteors vapor'd forth
 From dunghills, doth amaze our eyes;
 Not shining with a reall worth
 But subtile her blacke errors to disguise.

Thus will they talke, *Castara*, while our dust
 In one darke vaule shall mingled be,
 The World will fall a prey to lust
 When Love is dead, which hath one fate with me.

To his Muse.

Here Virgin fix thy pillars, and command
 They sacred may to after ages stand
 In witnesse of loves triumph. Yet will wee
Castors finde new worlds in Poetry,
 And conquer them. Not dully following those
 Tame lovers who dare cloath their thoughts in prose;
 But we will henceforth more Religious prove
 Concealing the high mysteries of love
 From the prophane. Harmonious like the spheres;
 Our soules shall move, not reacht by humane eares;
 That Musicke to the Angels, this to fame,
 I here commit. That when their holy flame,
 True lovers to true beaunies would rehearse,
 They may invoke the *Genius* of my verse.

*H**The*

FINIS.

(74)

To the Editor

I have the honor to acknowledge the receipt of your letter of the 10th inst. in relation to the matter of the ...
and in reply to inform you that the same has been forwarded to the proper authorities for their consideration.
I am, Sir, very respectfully,
Your obedient servant,
J. H. ...

The

H

1842



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his pa
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A Friend.



*S*a man. For the free and open discovery of thoughts to woman can not passe without an over licentious familiarity, or a justly occasion'd suspicion; and friendship can neither stand with vice nor infamy. He is vertuous, for love begot in sin is a misshapen monster, and seldome out-lives his birth. Hee is noble, and inherits the vertues of all his progenitors, though happily unskilfull to blazon his paternall coate; So little should nobility serve for story, but when it encourageth

to action. He is so valiant, feare could never be listned to, when she whisperd danger; and yet fights not, unlesse religion confirms the quarrell lawfull. He submits his actions to the government of vertue, not to the wild decrees of popular opinion; and when his conscience is fully satisfied, he cares not how mistake and ignorance interpret him. He hath somuch fortitude, he can forgive an injurie; and when he hath overthrowne his opposer, not insult upon his weakenesse. He is an absolute governor, no destroyer of his passions, which he imployes to the noble increase of vertue. He is wise, for who hopes to reape a harvest from the sands, may expect the perfect offices of friendship from a foole. He hath by a liberall education beene softned to civility; for that rugged honesty some rude men professe, is an indigested Chaos, which may contayne the seedes of goodnesse, but it wants forme and order.

Hee

He is no flatterer; but when he finds his friend any way imperfect, he freely but gently informs him; nor yet shall some few errors cancell the bond of friendship; because he remembers no endeavours can raise man above his frailty. Hee is as slow to enter into that title, as he is to forsake it; a monstrous vice must disoblige, because an extraordinary vertue did first unite; and when he parts, he doth it without a duell. He is neither effeminate, nor a common courtier; the first is so passionate a doater upon himselfe, he cannot spare love enough to be justly named friendship: the latter hath his love so diffusive among the beauties, that man is not considerable. Hee is not accustomed to any sordid way of gaine, for who is any way mechanick, will sell his friend upon more profitable termes. He is bountifull, and thinkes no treasure of fortune equall to the preservation of him he loves;

yet not so lavish, as to buy friendship, and perhaps afterward find himself overseene in the purchase. He is not exception, for jealousy proceeds from weaknesse, and his vertues quit him from suspicions. He freely gives advice, but so little peremptory is his opinion that he ingenuously submits it to an abler judgement. He is open in expression of his thoughts and easeth his melancholy by enlarging it; & no Sanctuary preserves so safely, as he his friend afflicted. He makes use of no engins of his friendship to extort a secret; but if committed to his charge, his heart receives it, and that and it come both to light together. In life he is the most amiable object to the soule, in death the most deplorable.

The

Yet I'
In men
Yet wr

The Funerals of the Ho-
nourable, my best friend and
Kinsman, GEORGE TALBOT;
Esquire.

Elegie. I.



Were malice to thy fame, to weepe
alone

And not enforce an universall
groane

From ruinous man and make the
World complaine,

Yet I'll forbid my griefe to be prophane

In mention of thy praise; I'll speake but truth

Yet write more honour then ere shal'd in youth

I can relate thy businesse here on earth
 Thy mystery of life thy noblest birth
 Out-shin'd by nobler vertue : but how farre
 Th' hast ran thy journey 'bove the highest star,
 I cannot speake, nor whether thou art in
 Commission with a Throne, or Cherubin.
 Passe on triumphant in thy glorious way
 Till thou hast reacht the place assign'd : we may
 Without disturbing the harmonious Spleares
 (Bathe here below thy memory in our teares.
 Ten dayes are past since a dull wonder seis'd
 My active soule: Loude stormes of sighes are rais'd
 By empty griefes, they who can utter it,
 Doe not vent forth their sorrow but theyr wit,
 I stood like Niobe without a grone
 Congeal'd into that monument all stone
 (That doth lye over thee. I had no roome
 For witty griefe, fit onely for thy combe.
 And friendships monument, thus had I stood ;
 But that the flame I beart thee, warm'd my blood
 With a new life. He like a funerall fire
 But burne a while to thee, and then expire.

Elegie

Elegie, 2.

T Albot is dead? Like lightning which no part
 Orh' body touches, but first strikes the hart,
 This word hath murder'd me. Ther's not in all
 The stocke of sorrow, any charme can call
 Death sooner up: For musiqu's in the breath
 Of thunder, and a sweetnesse even in death
 That brings with it, if you with this compare
 All the loude noyses which torment the ayre,
 They cure (Physicians say) the element
 Sicke with dull vapors, and to banishment
 Confine infections; but this small threcke
 Without the least redresse, is utter'd like
 The last dayes summons, when Earths trophies lie
 A scatter'd heape, and time it selfe must dye.
 What now hath life to boast of? Can I have
 A thought lesse darke then th' horror of the grave
 Now thou dost dwell below? Wer't not a fault
 Past pardon, to raise fancy 'bove thy vault?
 Haile Sacred house in which his reliques sleepe?
 Blest marble give me leave t'approach and weepe

H S

Thes

These vovves to thee ! for since great *Talbot's* gone
 Downe to thy silence, I commerece with none
 But thy pale people : and in that confute
 Mistaking man, that dead men are not mute.
 Delicious beauty, lend thy flatter'd care
 Accustom'd to warme whispers, and thou'lt heare
 How they cold language tels thee, that thy skin
 Is but a beaunious shrine, in which black sin
 Is Idoliz'd, thy eyes but Spheares where lust
 Hath its loose motion ; and thy end is dust.
 Great *Atlas* of the state, descend with me.
 But hither, and this vault shall furnish the
 With more aviso's, then thy costly spyes,
 And show how false are all those mysteries
 Thy *Señ* receives, and though thy pallas swell
 With envied pride, 'tis here that thou must dwell
 It will instruct you, Courtier, that your art
 Of outward smoothnesse and a rugged heart
 But cheats your selfe, and all those subtill wayes
 You tread to greatnesse, is a fatall maze
 Where you your selfe shall loose, for though you
 Vpward to pride, your center is beneath. (breath)
 And 'twill thy Rhetorick false flesh confound ;
 Which flatters my fraile thoughts, no time can
 This unarm'd frame. Here is true eloquence (wound,
 Will teach my soule to triumph over leace

Which



(155)

Which hath its period in a grave, and there
 Showes what are all our pompous surfets here.
 Great Orator ! deare *Talbot* ! Still, to thee
 May I an auditor attentive be.
 And piously maintaine the same commerce
 Wee hold in life, and if in my rude verse
 I to the world may thy sad precepts read,
 I will on earth interpret for the dead.



Elegy, 3.

Let me contemplate thee (faire soule) and though
 I cannot tracke the way which thou didst goe
 In thy celestially journey; and my heart
 Expansion wants, to shinke what now thou art
 How bright and wide thy glories; yet I may
 Remember thee, as thou wert in thy clay.
 Best object to my heart ! what vertues be
 Inherent even to the least thought of thee !
 Death, wth to th' vigorous heat of youth brings feare,
 In its leane looke, doth like a Prince appeare.
 Now glorious to my eye, since he possesse
 The wealthy empyre of that happy chest

Which



Which harbours thy rich dust, for how can he
 Be thought a bank'rout that embraces thee?
 Sad midnight whispers with a greedy care
 I catch from lonely graves, in hope to heare
 Newes from the dead, nor can pale visions fright
 His eye, who since thy death feels no delight
 In mans acquaintance. Mem'ry of thy fate
 Doth in me a sublimier soule create,
 And now my sorrow followes thee, I tread
 The milky way, and see the snowy head.
 Of *Atlas* farre below, while all the high
 Swolne buildings seeme but atomes to my eye,
 I'me heighten'd by my ruine; and while I
 Weepe ore the vault where thy sad ashes lye,
 My soule with thine doth hold commerce above,
 Where we discern the stratagems, which Love,
 Hate, and ambition, use, to cozen man.
 So fraile that every blast of honour can
 Swell him above himselfe, each adverse gust
 Him and his glories shiver into dust.
 How small seemes greatnesse here! How not a span
 His empire who commands the ocean,
 Both that, which boasts so much it's mighty ore,
 And th'other, which with pearle, hath paved its shore;
 Nor can it greater seeme, when this great all
 For which men quarrell so, is but a ball

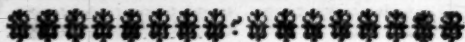
 Cast

Cast downe into the ayre to sport the starres.
 And all our generall ruines, mortall warres,
 Depopulated states, caus'd by theyr sway;
 And mans so reverend wildome but theyr play.
 From thee, deare *Talbot*, living I did learne
 The arts of life, and by thy light discerne
 The truth, which men dispute, But by thee dead
 I'me taught, upon the worlds gay pride to tread.
 And that way sooner master it, then he
 To whom both th' Indies tributary be.

Elegie, 4.

MY name, deare friend, even thy expiring
 Did call upon; affirming y^e hy death (breath
 Would wound my poor sad heart Sad it must
 Indeed, lost to all thoughts of mirth in thee. (be
 My Lord, if I with licence of your teares (weares
 (Which your great brother's hearse as dyamonds
 T'enrich death's glory) may but speake my owne;
 Ile prove it, that no sorrow ere was knowne
 Reall as mine. All other mourners keepe
 In grieve a method: with out forme I weepe.

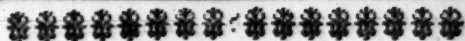
The



The sonne (rich in his fathers fate) hath eyes
 Wet just as long as are the obsequies.
 The widow formerly a yeare doth spend
 In her so courtly blacks. But for a Friend
 We weepe an age, and more then th' Anchorit, have
 Our very thoughts confin'd within a Grave.
 Chast Love who hadst thy triumph in my flame,
 And thou *Castara* who had hadst a name,
 But for this sorrow glorious; Now my verse
 Is lost to you, and onely 'on *Talbot's* herse
 Sadly attends. And till times fatall hand
 Raines, what's left of Churches, there shall stand.
 There to thy selfe, deare *Talbot*, Ile repeate
 Thy owne brave Story; tell thy selfe how great
 Thou wert in thy minds Empire, and how all
 Who out-live thee, see but the Funerall
 Of glory: and if yet some vertuous be,
 They but weake apparitions are of thee.
 So sealed were thy thoughts, each action so
 Discreetly ordered, that nor ebbe nor flow
 Was ere perceiv'd in thee: each word mature
 And every sceane of life from sinne so pure
 That scarce in its whole history, we can
 Find vice enough, to say thou wert but man.
 Honor to say thou wert! Curst that we must
 Addresse our language to a little dust,

And





(159)

And seeke for *Talbot* there. Injurious fate,
To lay my lifes ambition desolate.
Yet thus much comfort have I, that I know,
Not how it can give such another blow.



Elegie, 5.

CHast as the Nuns first vow, as fairely bright
As when by death her Soule shines in full
light
Freed from the eclipse of Earth, each world that
came
From thee (deare *Talbot*) did beget a flame
T' enkindle vertue: which so faire by thee
Became man, that blind mole; her face did see.
But now t' our eye she's lost, and if she dwell
Yet on the earth, she's cefsin'd in the cell
Of some cold Hermit; who so keeps her there,
As if of her the old man jealous were.
Nor ever shewes her beauty but to some
Earthusian, who even by his vow, is dambe?
So 'mid the yce of the farre Northren sea,
A starre about the Artick Circle, may

Then





(169)

Then ours yild cleerer light ; yet that but shall
 Serve at the frozen Pilots funerall.
 Thou (brightest constellation) to this maine
 Which all wee sinners traffique on, didst daigne
 The bounty of thy fire, which with so cleare
 And constant beames did our frayle vessels steere,
 That safely we what storme so ere bore sway,
 Past ore the rugged Alps of th' angry Sea.
 But now we sayle at randome. Every rocke
 The folly doth of our ambition mocke
 And splits eur hopes: To every Sirens breath
 Wee listen and even court the face of death,
 I spainted ore by pleasure: Every wave
 Ifc hath delight w' embrace though't prove a grave
 So ruinous is th' defect of thee.
 To th' undone world in gen' rall. But to me
 Who liv'd one life with thine, drew but one breath,
 Posselt w' th' same mind and thoughts, 'twas death.
 And now by fate. I doe my selfe survive,
 To keepe his mem'ry, and my griefes alive.
 Where shall I then begin to weepe? No grove
 Silent and darke, but is prophain'd by Love.
 With his warme whispers, and faint idle feares,
 His busie hopes, loude sighes, and causelesse reares-
 Each care is so enchanted; that no breath
 Is listend to, which mentions griefe, or death.

I's



I'le turne my sorrow inward and deplore
My ruine to my selfe, repeating ore
The story, of his vertues ; untill I
Not write, but am my selfe his Elegy.

Elegie, 6.

GOe stop the swift-wing'd moments in theyr
flight
To theyr yet unknowne coast, goe hinder
night

From its approach on day, and force day rise
From the faire east of some bright beauti's eyes.
Else vaunt not the proude miracle of verse.
It hath no powre. For mine from his black herse
Redeems not *Talbot*, who cold as the breath
Of winter, coffin'd lyes, silent as death,
Stealing on th' Anch'rit, who even wants an eare
To breath into his soft expiring prayer.
For had thy life beene by thy vertues spun
Out to a length, thou hadst out-liu'd the Sunne
And clos'd the worlds great eye: or were not all
Our wonders fiction, from thy funerall

Thou

Thou hadst received new life, and liv'd to be
 The conqueror o're death, inspir'd by me.
 But all we Poets glory in is vaine
 And empty triumph: Art cannot regaine
 One poore houre lost, nor reskew a small flye
 By a fooles finger destinate to dye.
 Live then in thy true life (great soule) and set
 At liberty by death thou owest no debt
 T' exacting Nature: Live, freed from the sport
 Of time and fortune in yand' starry court
 A glorious Potentate, while we below
 But fashion wayes, to mitigate our vroe.
 Wee follow camps, and to our hopes propose
 Th' insulting victor, not remembering those
 Dismembred trunks who gave him victorie
 By a loath'd fate: Wee covetous Merchants be
 And to our ayms pretend treasure and sway,
 Forgetfull of the treasons of the Seas
 The shootings of a wounded conscience
 Wee patiently sustaine to serve our sence
 With a short pleasure; So we empire gaine
 And rule the fate of businesse, the sad paine
 Of action we contemne, and the affright
 Which with pale visions still attends our night.
 Our joyes false apparitions, but our feares
 Are certaine prophecies. And till our cares

Reach

Reach that celestiall musique, which shine now
So cheerefully receive, we must allow
No comfort to our griefes : from which to be
Exempted, is in death to follow thee.

Elegie 7.

THere is no peace in sinne. Aeternall war
Doth rage 'mong vices. But all vertues are
Friends 'mong themselves, and choifest accents be
Harsh Eccho's of theyr heavenly harmony.
While thou didst live we did that union find
In thee so faire republick of thy mind
Where discord never swel'd. And as we dare
Affirme those goodly structures, temples are
Where well-tun'd quires strike zeale into the eare.
The musique of thy soule made us say there.
God had his altars, every breath a spice
And each religious act a sacrifice.
But death hath that demollish'd. All our eye
Of thee now sees doth like a Citie lye
Raz'd by the cannon. Where is then that flame
That added warmth and beauty to thy frame?

Fled

Fled heaven-ward to repaire, with its pure fire
 The losses of some main'd Seraphich quire ?
 Or hovers it beneath, the world t'uphold
 From generall ruine, and expell that cold
 Dull humor weakens it ? If so it be,
 My sorrow yet must praise fates charity.
 But thy example (if kind heaven had daign'd
 Frailty that favour) had mankind regain'd
 To his first purity. For that the wit
 Of vice, might not except 'gainst th' Ancherit
 As too to strict ; thou didst unclayst'r'd live
 Teaching the soule by what preservative,
 She may from finnes contagion live secure,
 Though all the aire she suckt in, were impure.
 In this darke mist of error with a cleare
 Unsportt light, thy vertue did appeare
 T'obrayd corrupted man. How could the rage
 Of untam'd lust have scorcht decrepit age ;
 Had it scene thy chaste youth ? Who could the wealth
 Of time have spent in ryot, or his health
 By surfeits forfeited ; if he had scene
 What temperance had in thy dyet beene ?
 What glorious foole had vaunted honours bought
 By gold or practise, or by rapin brought
 From his fore-fathers, had he understood
 How Talbot valued not his owne great blood !

 Had

Had Politicians seene him scorning more
 The unsafe pompe of greatnesse, then the poore
 Thatcht rootes of Shepheards, where th'unruly wind
 (A gentler storme then pride) uncheat doth find
 Still free admittance; their pale labors had
 Beene to be good, not to be great and bad.
 But he is lost in a blind vault, and we
 Must not admire though sinnes now frequent be
 And uncontrol'd; Since those faire tables where
 The Law was writ by death now broken are.
 By death extinguish't is that Star, whose light
 Did shine so faithfull; that each ship sail'd right
 Which steer'd by that. Nor marvell then if wee,
 (Thus failing) lost in this worlds tempest be.
 But to what orbe so ere thou dost retire,
 Far from our ken; 'tis black, while by thy fire
 Enlighten'd. And since thou must never here
 Be seene againe; may I ore-take thee there.

Elegie, 8.

Boast not the rev'rend Vatican, nor all
 The sunning Pompe of the Escuriall.

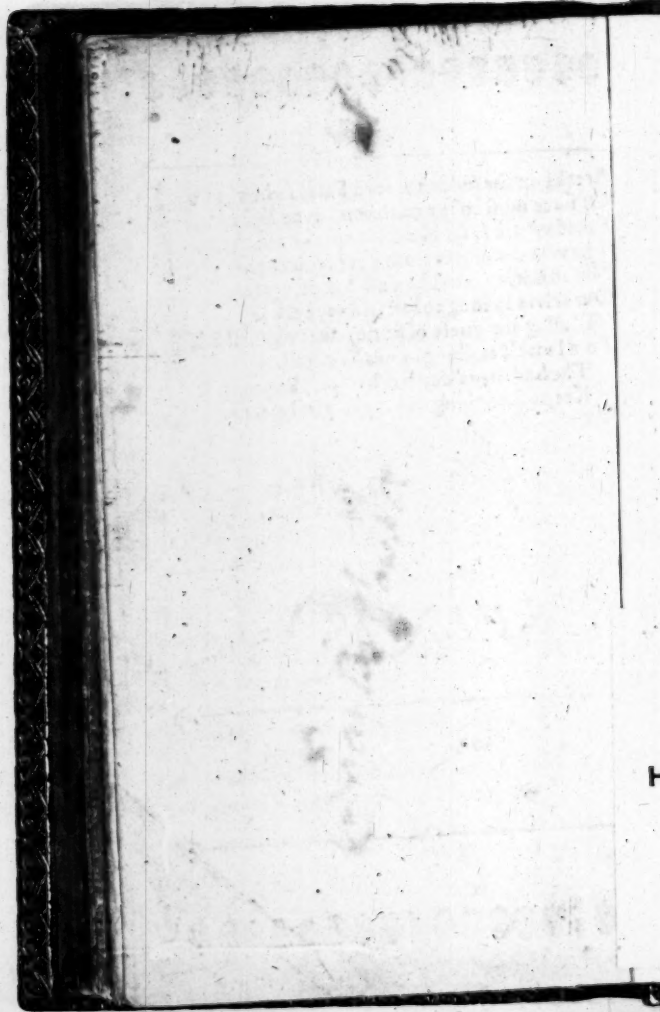
Though

Though there both th' Indies met in each smal room,
 Th' are short in treasure of this precious tombe.
 Here is th' Epitome of wealth, this chest
 Is Natures chiefe Exchequer, hence the East
 When it is purified by th' generall fire
 Shall see these now pale ashes sparkle big her
 Then all the gems she vants: transcending far
 In fragrant lustre the bright morning star
 Tis true, they now seeme darke. But rather we
 Have by a cataract lost sight, then he
 Though dead his glory. So to us black night
 Brings darkenesse, when the Sun retaines his light.
 Thou eclips'd dust! Expecting breake of day
 From the thicke mists about thy Tombe, I'll pay
 Like the just Larke, the tribute of my verse
 I will invite thee. From thy envious hersement
 To rise, and 'bout the World thy beames to spread
 That we may see, there's brightnesse in the dead.
 My zeale deludes me not. What perfumes come
 From th' happy vault? In her sweet martyrdom
 The hard breathes never so, not so the rose
 When the enamor'd Spring by kissing blowes
 Soft blushes on her cheekes, but th' early East
 Vying with Paradioc, ith' Phoenix nest.
 These gentle perfumes usher in the day
 Which from the night of his discolour'd clay

Breaks on the sudden : for a Soule so bright
Of force must to her earth contribute light.
But if we are so far blind we cannot see
The wonder of this truth ; yet let us bee
Not infidels : nor like dull Atheists give
Our selves so long to lust, till we believe
(T' allay the griefe of sinne) that we shall fall
To a loath'd nothing in our Funerall.

The bad mans death is horror. But the just
Keeps something of his glory in his dust.

FIN IS.



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